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✓ ANECDOTES  
AND  
CHARACTERISTICS

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OF



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

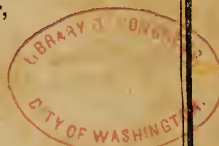
TRANSLATED AND COMPILED

FROM

WRITINGS OF NAPOLEON HIMSELF, AND FROM THE MEMOIRS AND  
MILITARY WORKS OF

BOURRIENNE, LAS CASES, BERTRAND, AN TOMARCHI, WALTER SCOTT, MON-  
THOLON, LA VALETTE, RAPP, SAVARY, MENEVAL, FAIN, THIBAudeau,  
BIGNON, GOURGAUD, SOULT, REAL, MACDONALD, DAVOUST,  
GOUVION, ST. CYR, SUCHET, GROUCHY, BERTHIER,  
MATHIEU DUMAS, IOMINI, PELET, BELLIARD,  
REYNIER, MIOT, CHAMBRAY, MARBOT,  
SEGUR, &c. &c. &c.

BY AN AMERICAN.



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STEREOTYPED BY S. DOUGLAS WYETH,  
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## TO THE PUBLIC.

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A MAN, whose influence extends further than the confines of his native land, belongs to the world, and must be arraigned before its tribunal.—Historians of different nations have attempted to draw the character of Napoleon Bonaparte, but national prejudices have mostly prevented them from judging him impartially. Walter Scott, the far-famed, saw in Napoleon nothing but the French general, who was aiming at the downfall of his, the poet's, country. Old England, with her judges, wearing wigs, and her bishops of £10,000 a year, trembled before the republican ideas of France, and before every other innovation, like the princes of the continent, and was as mistrustful of the emperor of the revolution as she had been of the fallen Jacobins. Opposed to her, stand the French biographers of Napoleon, who, dazzled by the glory of the arms of France, and imposed upon by the appearance that Napoleon aimed at nothing but the happiness and the greatness of France, strive to represent even his failings and faults as virtues. The destruction of the French republic they excuse by the sophistical dogma "that a great nation may be so situated that nothing but one mighty arm can save it, and that, without this single arm, it would perish." Napoleon is held up here as the single man, and thus he is elevated to the position of redeemer of the French nation.

The fallacy of this French dogma will be easily discovered by every true republican; he knows that a nation can never be redeemed by a single man, but must at all times rely on itself; for the nation which abandons itself, and places its welfare in the hands of *one* man, is politically lost.\* It risks to become the toy of such a man, whose genius, even if the most elevated, can never be weighed with the mass of intel-

\* Anarchy is a disease of the commonwealth, but despotism is its death.—MACHIAVELLI.



lectual and moral power developed by a general, political activity of a nation, without being found wanting.

The German historians have done justice to Napoleon, without being blind to his faults and errors. Rotteck, in his "General History of the World," calls him "the spoiled child of the French revolution;" but, in the same work, he proves that the German princes, who opposed the spirit of the times, and were averse to the general advancement, had deserved the rod with which Napoleon chastised them, and that *they* are responsible for the endless misery which French wars have brought upon Europe.

What has been created by the sword, must perish by the sword. By the propagation of ideas of liberty; by gaining the neighbouring nations for political emancipation; by the abolition of all privileges and monopolies, and by a free choice of occupation and association, the tory party of Great Britain might have been overthrown, and the rising of a Russian dictatorial power been prevented. France did not fulfil its destiny, and should be a warning example for the republics of the present day.

The object of this little work is not to give a description of the French revolution, but to present an assemblage of the traits and features of the character of him who has produced a lasting effect on the destiny of nations. To do this conscientiously, the compiler has spared neither pains, time, nor expense.

Subjects only have been selected, the authenticity of which could be guaranteed; the principle that the character and spirit of a man shows itself in its truest colours in those acts which accident seems to have called forth, has prevailed in the selection of the anecdotes and characteristics. They are, therefore, better adapted to give a correct idea of the character of Napoleon than great and expensive biographies, for the reading of which many have neither time nor inclination. May the public reward, by a kind reception, the labours of the compiler and translator.

THE PUBLISHER.



## ANECDOTES AND CHARACTERISTICS

OF

# NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

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NAPOLEON'S person has served as a model for the most skilful painters and sculptors; many able French artists have successfully delineated his features, and yet it may be said that no perfectly faithful portrait of him exists. His finely shaped head, his superb forehead, his pale countenance, and his usual meditative look, have been transferred to the canvass; but the versatility of his expression was beyond the reach of imitation. All the various workings of his mind were instantaneously depicted in his countenance: and his glance changed from mild to severe, and from angry to good humoured, almost with the rapidity of lightning. It may truly be said that he had a particular look for every thought that arose in his mind.

Napoleon had beautiful hands, and he was very proud of them; while conversing he would often look at them with an air of self-complacency. He also fancied he had fine teeth, but his pretension to that advantage was not so well founded as his vanity on the score of his hands.

When walking, either alone or in company with any one, in his apartments or in his gardens, he had the habit of stooping a little, and crossing his hands behind his back. He frequently gave an involuntary shrug of his right shoulder, which was accompanied by a movement of his mouth from left to right. This habit was always

most remarkable when his mind was absorbed in the consideration of any profound subject. It was often while walking that he dictated his most important notes.

He could endure great fatigue, not only on horseback but on foot; he would sometimes walk for five or six hours in succession without being aware of it.

When walking with any person whom he treated with familiarity, he would link his arm into that of his companion, or lean on it.

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NAPOLEON had two ruling passions, glory and war. He was never more gay than in the camp, and never more morose than in the activity of peace. Plans for the construction of public monuments also pleased his imagination, and filled up the void caused by the want of active occupation. He was aware that monuments form part of the history of nations, of whose civilization they bear evidence, for ages after those who created them have disappeared from the earth, and that they likewise often bear false witness to remote posterity of the reality of merely fabulous conquests.

Napoleon well knew that the fine arts entail lasting glory on great actions, and consecrate the memory of princes who protect and encourage them. He would often say, "A great reputation is a great noise: the more is made the farther off it is heard. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations, all fall; but the noise continues and resounds in after ages." This was one of his favourite ideas. "My power," he would say, "depends on my glory, and my glory on my victories. My power would fall, were I not to support it by new glory and new victories. Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest alone can maintain me."

This was then, and probably always continued, his predominant idea, and that which prompted him continually to scatter the seeds of war through Europe. He thought that if he remained stationary he would fall, and he was tormented with the desire of advancing further forward. Not to do something great and decided was, in his opinion, to do nothing. "A newly born government," he would say, "must dazzle and astonish—when it ceases to do that, it falls." He did not esteem mankind, whom he despised more and more in proportion as he became acquainted with them. In him this unfavorable opinion of human nature was justified by many glaring examples of baseness, and he used frequently to repeat, "There are two levers for moving man: interest and fear."

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As soon as Napoleon arose, his valet-de-chambre shaved him and dressed his hair—while some person would read to him. He paid

little attention to any but the German and English papers. "Pass over all that," he would say of the French papers; "I know it already. They say only what they think will please me." It was often surprising that his valet did not cut him, for, whenever he heard any thing interesting, he would turn quickly round towards the reader.

When Napoleon had finished his toilette, which he did with great attention, for he was scrupulously neat in his person, he went down stairs to his cabinet. There he signed the orders on important petitions, which had been analyzed by his secretary on the preceding evening. On reception and parade days he was particularly exact in signing these orders, because he would be likely to see most of the petitioners, and they would ask him for answers. He next perused letters, ranging them according to their importance. He occasionally wrote the answers himself, but not often. He generally took breakfast at ten, the repast being exceedingly simple.

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NAPOLEON drank little wine, always either claret or Burgundy, and the latter in preference to the former. After breakfast as well as after dinner, he took a cup of strong coffee. All that has been said about Napoleon's immoderate use of snuff, has no more foundation in truth than his pretended partiality for coffee. It is true, that at an early period of his life, he began to take snuff, but it was very sparingly, and always out of a box; and if he bore any resemblance to Frederick the Great, it was not by filling his waistcoat-pockets with snuff; for as it has been observed, he carried his notions of personal neatness to a fastidious degree.

He used often to say when young, "how temperate and how thin I am, but, in spite of that, I cannot help thinking that at forty I shall become a great eater, and get very fat. I foresee that my constitution will undergo a change. I take a great deal of exercise; but yet I feel assured that my presentiment will be fulfilled." This idea gave him great uneasiness.

His partiality for the bath he mistook for a necessity. He would usually remain in the bath two hours at a time, having persons to read to him.

Napoleon was exceedingly temperate, and averse to all excess. He knew the absurd stories that were circulated about him, and he was sometimes vexed at them. It has been repeated, over and over again, that he was subject to attacks of epilepsy; but those who have been most intimate with him pronounce it false. His health was good and his constitution sound. If his enemies, by way of reproach, have attributed to him a serious periodical disease, his flatterers, probably under the idea that sleep is incompatible with greatness, have

evinced an equal disregard of truth in speaking of his night watching. Napoleon made others watch, but he himself slept, and slept well. His orders were to his secretary, that he should call him every morning at seven, but frequently when awoke he would turn himself and say "let me lie a little longer." He, generally, in his latter days, slept seven hours out of the twenty-four, besides taking a short nap in the afternoon. Among the private instructions which Napoleon gave his secretary, one was very curious:—"During the night," said he, "enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Do not awake me when you have any good news to communicate; with that there is no hurry. But when you bring bad news, rouse me instantly; for then there is not a moment to be lost. This was a wise regulation, and Bonaparte found his advantage in it.

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ONE of Napoleon's greatest misfortunes was that he neither believed in friendship, nor felt the necessity of loving.

He has often been heard to say, "Friendship is but a name; I love nobody. I do not even love my brothers. Perhaps, Joseph, a little, from habit, and because he is my elder; and, Duroc, I love him too. But why? because his character pleases me. He is stern and resolute; and I really believe the fellow never shed a tear. For my part I know very well that I have no true friends. As long as I continue what I am, I may have as many pretended friends as I please. Leave sensibility to women; it is their business. But men should be firm in heart and in purpose, or they should have nothing to do with war or government."

In his social relations, Bonaparte's temper was bad, but his fits of ill-humour passed away like a cloud, and spent themselves in words. His violent language and bitter imprecations were frequently premeditated. When he was going to reprimand any one, he liked to have a witness present. He would then say the harshest things, and level blows, against which few could bear up. But he never gave way to those violent ebullitions of rage, until he acquired undoubted proofs of the misconduct of those against whom they were directed.

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WHEN Napoleon was paying his addresses to Madame de Beauharnais, neither one nor the other kept a carriage; and, therefore, Napoleon frequently accompanied her when she walked out. One day they went together to the notary Raguideau, one of the shortest of men. Madame Beauharnais placed great confidence in him, and went there on purpose to acquaint him of her intention to marry the young general of artillery—the protege of Barras. Josephine went



alone into the notary's cabinet, while Napoleon waited for her in an adjoining room. The door of Raguideau's cabinet did not shut close, and Napoleon plainly heard him dissuading her from her projected marriage: "you are going to take a very wrong step," said he, "and you will be sorry for it. Can you be so mad as to marry a young man who has nothing but his cloak and sword?" Napoleon never mentioned this to Josephine, and she never supposed that he had heard what fell from Raguideau. Years went on. And when Josephine was dressed in the imperial robes on the coronation day, he desired that Raguideau might be sent for, saying that he wished to see him immediately; and when Raguideau appeared, he said to him; "Well! have I nothing but my cloak and my sword now?"

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NAPOLEON was insensible to the charms of poetic harmony. He had not even sufficient ear to feel the rhythm of poetry, and he never could recite a verse without violating the metre: yet the grand ideas of poetry charmed him. He absolutely worshipped Corneille; and was known to say "if a man like Corneille were living in my time, I would make him a prince."

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GALLANTRY to woman was by no means a trait in Napoleon's character. He seldom said anything agreeable to females, and he frequently addressed to them the rudest and most extraordinary remarks. To one he would say, "Heavens, how red your elbows are!" to another, "What an ugly head-dress you have got!" At another time he would say, "Your dress is none of the cleanest. Do you never change your gown? I have seen you in that twenty times." He showed no mercy to any who displeased him on these points. He often gave Josephine directions about her toilette, and the exquisite taste for which she was distinguished might have helped to make him fastidious about the costume of other ladies. At first, he looked to elegance above all things; at a later period, he admired luxury and splendour; but he always required modesty. He frequently expressed his disapproval of the low necked dresses which were so much in fashion at the beginning of the consulate.

Napoleon, after he became emperor, said one day to the beautiful Duchess de Chevereuse, in the presence of all the circle at the Tuilleries: "Ah; that's droll enough! your hair is red!" Perhaps it is, Sire," replied the lady! "but this is the first time a man ever told me so."

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NAPOLÉON paid his own private bills very punctually; but he was always tardy in settling the accounts of the contractors. In his opinion, the terms contractor and rogue were synonymous.

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ON the night of the 10th Nivose, the Rue Chantierine, in which Bonaparte had a small house, received, in pursuance of a decree of the department, the name of Rue de la Victoire—the cries of “Vive Bonaparte!” and the incense prodigally offered up to him, did not, however, seduce him from his retired habits. Lately, the conqueror and ruler of Italy, and now under men for whom he had no respect, and who dreaded him as a formidable rival, he said to Bourrienne, one day, “The people of Paris do not remember anything. Were I to remain here long, doing nothing, I should be lost. In this great Babylon one reputation displaces another—let me be seen but three times at the theatre, and I shall no longer excite attention; so I shall go there but seldom.” When he went he occupied a box shaded with curtains. The manager of the opera wished to get up a representation in honour of him; but he declined the offer.

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BONAPARTE having one day visited a school, said, on departing, to the scholars, to some of whom he had been putting questions, “My lads, every hour of lost time is a chance of future misfortune.”

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WHILST Napoleon was on board the Orient, on his expedition to Egypt, he called Admiral Brueys, to ascertain what summit was in view, the Admiral immediately pronounced it the Alps; at the mention of this word, he stood for a long time motionless; then, suddenly bursting from his trance, he exclaimed, “No! I cannot behold the land of Italy without emotion! There is the East! and there I go! a perilous enterprise invites me! Those mountains command the plain where I so often had the good fortune to lead the French to victory! With them we will conquer again!”

Accidents often occurred of persons falling overboard. On those occasions nothing was more remarkable than the great humanity of the man who has since been so prodigal of the blood of his fellow-creatures on the field of battle, and who was about to shed rivers of it in Egypt. When a man fell into the sea, the general-in-chief was in a state of agitation till he was saved. He instantly made the ship be laid to, and exhibited the greatest uneasiness until the unfortunate individual was recovered. He ordered those to be rewarded who had ventured their lives in this service. Amongst these, was a sailor who had incurred punishment for some fault. He not only exempted

him from the punishment, but also gave him some money. One dark night a noise was heard, like that occasioned by a man falling into the sea. Napoleon instantly caused the ship to be laid to until the supposed victim was rescued from certain death. The men hastened from all sides, and at length they picked up, what?—the quarter of a bullock, which had fallen from the hook to which it was hung. He ordered the sailors who had exerted themselves on this occasion, to be rewarded even more generously than usual, saying, “It might have been a sailor, and these brave fellows have shown as much activity and courage as if it had.”

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NAPOLEON, on arriving at Alexandria, after learning from the French consul, that Nelson had been on the coast, resolved to disembark immediately. Admiral Brueys represented the difficulties and dangers of disembarkation—the violence of the surge—the distance from the coast, &c. The Admiral, therefore, urged the necessity of waiting till next morning; that is to say, to delay the landing twelve hours. He observed that Nelson could not return from Syria for several days. Bonaparte listened to these representations with impatience and ill-humour. He replied peremptorily, “Admiral, we have no time to lose. Fortune gives me but three days; if I do not profit by them, we are lost.” He relied much on fortune: this chimerical idea constantly influenced his resolutions.

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IN September, 1798, when in Egypt, Napoleon ordered to be brought to the house of Elfy Bey, half a dozen Asiatic women, whose beauty he had heard highly extolled. However, their ungraceful obesity displeased him, and they were immediately dismissed. A few days after, he fell violently in love with Madame Sourés, the wife of a lieutenant of infantry. She was very pretty, and her charms were enhanced by the rarity of seeing a woman, in Egypt, who was calculated to please the eye of a European. Napoleon engaged for her a house adjoining the palace of Elfy Bey, which he occupied. He frequently ordered dinner to be prepared there. This connexion soon became the subject of gossip at head-quarters. Through a feeling of delicacy to M. Sourés, the general-in-chief gave him a mission to the directory. He embarked at Alexandria, and the ship was captured by the English, who being informed of the cause of his mission, were malicious enough to send him back to Egypt, instead of keeping him prisoner. Napoleon wished to have had a child by Madame Sourés, but this wish was not realized.

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IN general, Napoleon was not fond of cards, but if he did play, *vingt-et-un* was his favourite game, because it is more rapid than many others, and because, in short, it afforded him an opportunity of cheating. For example, he would ask for a card, if it proved a bad one he would say nothing, but lay it down on the table, and wait till the dealer had drawn his. If the dealer produced a good card, then Napoleon would throw aside his hand, without showing it, and give up his stake, if on the contrary, the dealer's card made him exceed twenty-one, Napoleon also threw his cards aside, without showing them, and asked for the payment of his stake. He was much diverted by these little tricks, especially when they were played off undetected; but, however, he never appropriated to himself the fruit of these dishonesties; for at the end of the game he gave up all his winnings, and they were equally divided. Gain, as may readily be supposed, was not his object, but he always expected that fortune would grant him an ace or a ten at the right moment, with the same confidence with which he looked for fine weather on the day of a battle. If he were disappointed he wished nobody to know it.

Napoleon also played at chess, but very seldom, because he was only a third rate player, and he did not like to be beaten at that game, which is said to bear a resemblance to the grand game of war—at this latter game, Napoleon certainly feared no adversary.

When Napoleon was leaving Passeriano, he announced his intention of passing through Mantua. He was told that the commandant of that town, General Beauvoir asked him to point out any particular pawn with which he would be check mated; adding, that if the pawn were taken, he, Napoleon, should be declared the winner. Napoleon pointed out the last pawn on the left of his adversary. A mark was put upon it, and it turned out that he actually was check mated with that very pawn. Napoleon was not very well pleased with this. Generally as soon as a game was decided in his favour, he declined playing any longer, preferring to rest on his laurels.

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ON Napoleon's return to France from his Egyptian campaign, about two days after leaving the Gulf of Ajaccio, just at sunset, an English squadron of fourteen sail hove in sight. The English, having advantage of the light, saw the French better than they could see them. They recognised the two frigates as Venetian built; but luckily for the French, night came on, for they were not far apart. They saw the signals of the English for a long time, and heard the report of the guns more and more to the left; and they thought it was the intention of the cruisers to intercept them on the south-east. Under these circumstances Napoleon had reason to thank fortune; for it was very evident that had the English suspected the two

frigates of coming from the east, and going to France, they would have shut them out from land by running between them and it, which to them was very easy. Probably they took them for a convoy of provisions going from Toulon to Genoa; and it was to this error and the darkness that they were indebted for escaping with no worse consequences than a fright.

During the remainder of the night, the utmost agitation prevailed on board the Muiron—Gantheaume, especially, was in a state of anxiety, which it is impossible to describe, and which it was painful to witness; he was quite beside himself, for a disaster appeared inevitable. He proposed to return to Corsica. “No, no:” replied Napoleon, imperiously. “No: spread all sail: every man at his post! To the north-west! To the north-west!” This order saved them, and it was affirmed, that in the midst of almost general alarm, Napoleon was solely occupied in giving orders. The rapidity of his judgment seemed to grow in the face of danger.

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THE presentation of sabres and muskets of honour, originated at the Luxemburg; and this practice was without doubt, a preparatory step to the foundation of the legion of honour. A grenadier sergeant, named Leon Aune, who had been included in the first distribution, easily obtained permission to write to the first consul to thank him. Napoleon, sent him the following answer.

*“I have received your letter, my brave comrade. You needed not to have told me of your exploits, for you are the bravest grenadier in the whole army, since the death of Benezet. You received one of the hundred sabres I distributed to the army, and all agreed you most deserved it. I wish very much to see you. The war minister sends you an order to come to Paris.”*

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IN 1800 the English had refused to comprehend in a cartel for the exchange of prisoners seven thousand Russians taken in Holland. Napoleon having in the meantime, discovered the chivalrous and somewhat eccentric character of Paul I., thought the moment a propitious one to attempt breaking the bands which united Russia and England. He ordered them all to be armed, and clothed in new uniforms appropriate to the corps to which they belonged, and sent them back to Russia, without ransom, without exchange, or any condition whatever. This judicious munificence was not thrown away. Paul showed himself deeply sensible of it, and closely allied as he had lately been with England, he now all at once, declared himself her enemy. This triumph of policy delighted Napoleon. Thenceforth Napoleon and the czar became the best friends possible.

They strove to outdo each other in professions of friendship, and it may be believed that Napoleon did not fail to turn this contest of politeness to his advantage. He so well worked upon the mind of Paul, that he succeeded in obtaining a direct influence over the cabinet of St. Petersburg.

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NAPOLEON'S mother, who was possessed of great bodily, as well as mental vigour, and who had braved the dangers of war during her pregnancy, wished to attend mass on account of the solemnity of the day, it being the Ascension day; she was, however, taken ill at church, and on her return home was delivered before she could be conveyed to her chamber. The child, as soon as it was born, was laid on the carpet, which was an old fashioned one, representing at full length, the heroes of fable, or, perhaps, of the Iliad:—this child was Napoleon.

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IN his boyhood, Napoleon was turbulent, adroit, lively, and agile, in the extreme. He had gained, he used to say, the most complete ascendancy over his elder brother, Joseph.

It is proved, though, in contradiction to many assertions, that he was, when first at the military school at Brienne, mild, quiet, and susceptible. One day, the quarter-master, who was a man of harsh disposition, and who never took the trouble of considering the physical and moral shades of character in each individual scholar, condemned Napoleon, by way of punishment, to wear the serge coat, and to take his dinner on his knees, at the door of the refectory. Napoleon, who had a vast share of pride and self-conceit, was so mortified by this disgrace, that he was seized with violent retchings, and suffered a severe nervous attack. The head master of the school happening accidentally to pass by, relieved him from the punishment, reproving the quarter-master for his want of discernment.

On attaining the age of puberty, Napoleon's temper became morose and reserved; his passion for reading was carried to excess; and he cagerly devoured the contents of every book that fell in his way. Pichegru was at this time his quarter-master, and his tutor in the four rules of arithmetic.

While Napoleon was quite young, he conceived an attachment for Mademoiselle du Colombier, who, on her part, was not insensible to his merits. It was the first love of both; and it was that kind of love which might be expected to arise at their age, and with their education. "We were the most innocent creatures imaginable," the emperor used to say, "we contrived little meetings together; I



well remember one which took place on Midsummer morning, just as daylight began to dawn. It will scarcely be believed that all our happiness consisted in eating cherries together."

The death of this lady happened about the time of the breaking out of the Revolution. The emperor never spoke of Madame du Colombier, but with expressions of the tenderest gratitude; and he did not hesitate to acknowledge that the valuable introductions and superior rank in society which she procured for him, had great influence over his destiny.

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WHEN reviewing the second regiment of horse chasseurs, at Lobenstein, two days before the battle of Jena, Napoleon, addressing the colonel, said: "How many men are there here?" "Five hundred," replied the colonel; "but there are many raw troops among them." "What signifies that," said the emperor, in a tone which denoted surprise at the observation, "are they not all Frenchmen?" Then turning to the regiment, "My lads," said he, "you must not fear death. When soldiers brave death, they drive him into the enemies' ranks." He here made a motion with his arm, expressive of the action to which he alluded. At these words a sudden movement among the troops, accompanied by a murmur of enthusiasm, seemed to foretell the memorable victory of Rosbach, which took place forty-eight hours after.

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At the battle of Lutzen the army was chiefly composed of conscripts, who had never been in any engagement. It is said that in the heat of the action, Napoleon rode along the rear of the third rank of infantry, supporting and encouraging the young troops. "This is nothing, my lads," said he "stand firm. France has her eye on you. Show that you can die for your country."

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Two days before the battle of Austerlitz a portion of the army was stationed in an unfavourable position, and the general who occupied it exaggerated its disadvantages. However, when the council was assembled, he not only admitted that the position was tenable, but he even promised to defend it. "How is this marshal," said the grand duke of Berg. "What has become of the doubts you expressed but a short while ago. What signifies flattering, when we have met for the purpose of deliberating," said Marshal Lannes in his turn. "We must represent things in their true light to the emperor; and I leave him to do what he may deem expedient." "You are right" said Napoleon; "those who wish to win my good graces must not deceive me."

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ONE evening, after the battle of Wagram, Napoleon and his officers were playing at *vingt-et-un*. Napoleon was very fond of this game; he used to try to deceive those he was playing with, and was much amused at the tricks he played. He had a great quantity of gold spread out upon the table before him. "Rapp," said he, "are not the Germans very fond of these little Napoleons." "Yes, Sire, they like them much better than great ones." "That, I suppose," said he, "is what you call German frankness."

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THE activity of Napoleon's mind seldom admitted of an interval between the conception and the execution of a design; but when he reflected coolly on the first impulses of his imperious will, his judgment discarded what was erroneous. The best way to serve the emperor, was never to listen to the suggestions of his first ideas, except on the field of battle, where his conceptions were as happy as they were rapid. M. de Talleyrand was almost the only one among the ministers, who did not flatter the emperor, and he was, certainly, the minister who best served him. When Napoleon said to M. de Talleyrand, "Write so and so, and send it off by a courier immediately," that minister was never in a hurry to obey the order, because he knew the character of the emperor well enough to distinguish between what his passion dictated and what his reason would approve; in short, he appealed from Philip drunk to Philip sober. When it happened that M. de Talleyrand suspended the execution of an order, Napoleon never evinced the least displeasure. When the day after he had received any hasty and angry order, M. de Talleyrand presented himself to the emperor, the latter would say—"Well, did you send off the courier?" "No," the minister would reply, "I took care not to do so before I showed you my letter." Then the emperor would usually add—"Upon second thoughts, I think it would be best not to send it." This was the way to deal with Napoleon. When Talleyrand postponed sending off despatches, which had been dictated by anger, and had emanated neither from his heart nor understanding, he would say, "It was right—quite right—you understand me. This is the way to serve me: the others do not leave me time for reflection. They are too precipitate."

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ALTHOUGH Napoleon was by no means averse to profit by treason, when it served his purpose, yet the traitor was at all times to him an object of dislike. When in the campaign of 1806, the citadel of E——, which, if the advice of an old general had been taken, would have proved a considerable obstacle to the progress of the

French army—was surrendered by the Governor, the latter, some weeks after the capitulation had been signed, applied for a commission in the French army. Napoleon assured him, that for consistency's sake, he could not employ foreigners on his staff, as all his officers had served from the ranks and become gray in his service. He now requested to be employed in the Commissariat Department, but met with a similar refusal. At last he applied to General Davoust praying for his intercession.

The general, although aware of the emperor's ideas on the subject, took the first favourable opportunity to speak to him on behalf of the ex-governor; describing his distress, and asked whether something might not be done for him. Napoleon was dismayed at the intercession, and said peevishly: "General, do you want me to put a foreign rascal into a situation which might be held by an honest Frenchman? How can I assist him without fearing evil consequences? If I take him into the army he may treat France as he has treated his own country, and if I employ him in the Commissariat he will cheat the army, neither of which ought to take place, therefore, not a word more about him."

Some years later, Napoleon, who had notwithstanding allowed him a small sum, scarcely sufficient to support him, passed some time in E———. The ex-governor wrote a memorial full of lamentations, praying for an increased allowance or some trifling situation, describing his situation as very distressing. Napoleon returned the memorial, with these words at the bottom:

"Bravery and fidelity ALONE will ever be rewarded by  
NAPOLEON."

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AFTER having given any one an important mission, or traced out the plan of any great enterprise, Napoleon used frequently to say, "Come, sir, be speedy, use despatch; and do not forget that the world was created in six days." On occasions of this kind, he concluded by observing to the individual whom he was addressing, "Ask me for whatever you please, except time; that's the only thing that is beyond my power."

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WHEN in a good humour, Napoleon's usual token of kindness consisted in a little rub on the head or a slight pinch of the ear. In his most friendly conversations with those whom he admitted into his intimacy, he would say, "You are a fool,"—"a simpleton,"—"a ninny,"—"a block head." These and a few other words of like import, enabled him to vary his catalogue of compliments; but he



never employed them angrily, and the tone in which they were uttered sufficiently indicated that they were meant in kindness.

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NAPOLEON had many singular habits and tastes. Whenever he experienced any vexation, or when any unpleasant thought occupied his mind, he would hum something which was far from resembling a tune, for his voice was very unmusical. He would at the same time, seat himself before the writing table, and swing back in his chair so far, that he was often in danger of falling. He would then vent his ill humour on the right arm of his chair, mutilating it with his pen-knife, which he seemed to keep for no other purpose.

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THE ringing of bells always produced in Napoleon sensations, which were not easy to account for. When he was at Malmaison, and walking in the alley leading to the plain of Ruel, he would stop, lest the noise of his footsteps should drown any portion of the delightful sound. He was almost angry with his friends, if they did not experience the impressions he did. So powerful was the effect produced upon him by the sound of these bells, that his voice would falter, as he said—"Ah! that reminds me of the first years that I spent at Brienne; I was then happy!" When the bells ceased, he would resume the course of speculations, carry himself into futurity, place a crown on his head and dethrone kings.

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*The Prefect and the Emperor.*—Beugnot was prefect during the reign of the emperor, and like his colleagues devoted much of his time to statistics, as a means to please the emperor. When Napoleon was travelling through Beugnot's province, he was told that it was impossible to puzzle the prefect, who had an answer for every question. "We shall see," said Napoleon, and at the first opportunity, he asked him with his most sarcastic smile:—"Prefect, how many birds of passage have you had this year in your province?" Beugnot answered without being the least disconcerted: "One, your majesty, an eagle."

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A CITIZEN of the suburbs of Saint Germain, had lost a lawsuit, which was for him of great importance. Being unable to pay the costs, and having made use of some rather harsh expressions as to the decision, he was condemned to one month's imprisonment. In the meantime he learned that his lawyer had received a bribe from his opponent, he immediately informed the judge of the tribunal of this circumstance, and requested another trial, which was, however,



refused. Having no means to appeal the case to a higher tribunal, he went to the emperor and related to him the circumstances. Napoleon sent for the judge and inquired into the matter. The judge said that he did not consider deception impossible, and that, according to the statement of the citizen, he thought it probable that something of a similar nature had taken place. Napoleon now gave orders for a new trial and told the judge to pay the costs himself. The trial re-commenced, and the result showed that the poor citizen had been infamously imposed upon and reduced to beggary, this, as well as the condemnation of the lawyer, was communicated to Napoleon. He immediately ordered the judge to dismiss the lawyer from the bar, and to declare him forever incapable of holding any public situation, in addition to the imprisonment awarded to him, which was four months imprisonment, payment of all cost, and indemnification of the citizen for the loss he had suffered. Napoleon signed the verdict himself, which was but rarely the case.

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NAPOLEON was seen to less advantage in a drawing room, than at the head of his troops. His military uniform became him much better than the handsomest dress of any other kind.

His waistcoats and small clothes were always of white cassimere. He changed them every morning, and never wore them after they had been washed three or four times. He never wore any but white silk stockings. His shoes, which were very light, and lined with silk, were ornamented with gold buckles of an oval form, either plain or wrought. He also, occasionally, wore gold knee-buckles. During the empire he was never known to wear pantaloons.

Napoleon never wore jewels. In his pockets he carried neither purse nor money; but merely his handkerchief, snuff-box, and *bon-boniere* (or sweetmeat-box). He usually wore only two decorations, viz.—the cross of the legion of honour, and that of the iron crown. Across his waistcoat, and under his uniform coat, he wore a cordon-rouge, the two ends of which were scarcely perceptible. When he received company at the Tuilleries, or attended a review, he wore the grand cordon on the outside of his coat. His hat was of an extremely fine and light kind of beaver. The inside was wadded and lined with silk. It was unadorned with either cord, tassel, or feather, its only ornament being a silk loop, fastening a small tri-coloured cockade.

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NAPOLEON used to relate, "one of my comrades, who lodged above me, unluckily took a fancy to learn to play the horn, and made such a hideous noise as completely disturbed the studies of

those who were within hearing; we met each other one day on the stairs; 'Are you not tired of practising the horn?' said I. 'Not at all,' he replied. 'At any rate, you tire other people.' 'I am sorry for it.' 'It were better if you went to practise elsewhere.' 'I am master of my own apartment!' 'Perhaps you may be taught to entertain a doubt on that point.' 'I scarce think any one will be bold enough to attempt to teach me that.' A challenge ensued; but before the antagonists met, the affair was submitted to the consideration of a council of the cadets, and it was determined that the one should practise the horn at a greater distance, and that the other should be more accommodating.

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MORE than one conspiracy was formed to carry away the flags to Alexandria, and other things of the same sort. The influence, the character, and the glory of the general, could alone restrain the troops. One day, Napoleon, losing his temper, in his turn, rushed among a group of discontented generals, and addressing himself to the tallest, "you have held mutinous language," said he with vehemence, "take care that I do not fulfil my duty; your height should not save you from being shot in a couple of hours."

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DURING the campaign of Russia, Napoleon one day rode by a burning village, and found a light-horseman of the Dutch guard, who stood only a few paces from a house which was nearly burnt to the ground, and who was about tying a coffee-kettle to a long pole. Napoleon, who could not imagine what the light-horseman intended to do, asked him: "Comrade! what are you doing there?" "Sire!" answered the soldier, "I am going to boil my coffee." Napoleon laughed aloud at this new method of boiling coffee, and said that it was not probable that any family in Paris boiled their coffee by so extravagant a fire as this light-horseman did in Russia.

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POOR Josephine paid dearly for the splendour of her station! She had been long aware of the calumnious reports circulated respecting the supposed connexion between Hortense and Napoleon, and that base accusation cost her many tears. Napoleon, however, dazzled by the affection which was manifested towards him from all quarters, aggravated the sorrow of his wife, by a silly vanity. He endeavoured to persuade her that these reports had their origin only in the wish of the public that he should have a child; so that these seeming consolations, offered by self-love to maternal grief, gave force to existing conjugal alarms, and the fear of a divorce returned

with all its horrors. Under the foolish illusion of his vanity, Napoleon imagined that France was desirous of being governed even by a illegitimate, if supposed to be a child of his.

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ON one occasion, Napoleon commissioned a person to execute some important business, which he expected would be finished in the course of the same day. It was not, however, completed until late on the following day. At this, the emperor manifested some degree of dissatisfaction; and the individual, in the hope of excusing himself, said that he had worked all day. "But had you not the night also?" replied Napoleon.

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*Long Noses.*—NAPOLEON was in the habit of saying: "When I required a man for head work, I always take one with a long nose, if I can find one who has the necessary qualifications. He breathes boldly and freely, and his brain, heart, and lungs, are cold and clear. In my study of human nature, I have almost invariably found that a long nose and a good head are inseparable."

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IN the year 1808, the empress Josephine, advised by several ladies of the court, had ordered for herself and her family Turkish shawls and other finery, by mail from Vienna, among which there were some English manufactures. They were addressed to a lady of the court. The parcel, which was very valuable, was seized in Strasburg by the custom-house officers, and the occurrence reported to the lady by a friend. The lady communicated this intelligence to the empress, who applied to Napoleon for the restoration of the articles, requesting him to send an order to that effect to the custom-house as no attention had been paid to the application of the lady, who had stated that these things did not belong to herself, but to her imperial mistress. Napoleon shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and said—"Madam, I can do nothing in this case, I cannot violate the laws; you may be very well satisfied to lose nothing but the goods, for if it is found out that you are the proprietor, your name will appear on the list of smugglers." Some time after the emperor's mother, who also had some articles of value in the parcel, spoke to him on the subject; but he was immovable, and a month or two after, all these fine things were sold at Strasburg for the benefit of the custom-house officers and the state, the latter receiving two-thirds. Napoleon used frequently to laugh at the female smugglers of his family, and remind them of their criminal proceedings.

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SUCH was the extent and variety of Napoleon's genius, that he soared without effort to the loftiest abstractions of the art of governing, and descended with the same facility to the minutest details of management. He would cause an account of the number of workmen and the produce of their labour, to be delivered to him every morning. He knew how long it took a tailor to finish a soldier's dress, a wheelwright to construct a carriage, or an armourer to fit up a musket. He knew the quantity of arms, in a good or bad state, contained in the arsenals. "You will find," he wrote to the minister of war, "in such an arsenal so many old muskets, and so many broken up. Set a hundred men at work there, and arm me five hundred men a week."

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JOSEPHINE one day, having entered the cabinet without being announced, which she sometimes did, when from the good humour exhibited at breakfast, she reckoned upon its continuance, approached Napoleon softly, seated herself on his knee, passed her hand gently through his hair and over his face, and thinking the moment favourable, said to him in a burst of tenderness, "I entreat of you Bonaparte, do not make yourself a king! It is that Lucien who urges you to it. Do not listen to him." Napoleon replied, without anger, and even smiling as he pronounced the last words, "You are mad, my poor Josephine. It is your old dowagers of the Faubourgh St. Germain, your Rochefoucaulds, who tell you all these fables! . . . . . Come, now, you interrupt me—leave me alone."

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NAPOLEON often resorted to a species of charlatanism to augment the enthusiasm of his troops. He would say to one of his aids-de-camp, "Ascertain from the colonel of such a regiment, whether he has in his corps a man who has served in the campaigns of Italy, or the campaigns of Egypt. Ascertain his name, where he was born, the particulars of his family, and what he has done. Learn his number in the ranks, and to what company he belongs, and furnish me with the information."

On the day of the review Napoleon, at a single glance could perceive the man who had been described to him. He would go up to him as if he recognised him, address him by his name, and say—"Oh! so you are here! You are a brave fellow—I saw you at Aboukir—how is your old father? What! have you not got the cross? Stay, I will give it to you." Then the delighted soldiers would say to each other, "You see the emperor knows us all; he knows our families; he knows where we have served." What a

stimulus was this to soldiers, whom he succeeded in persuading, that they would all, sometime or other, become marshals of the empire.

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GENERAL KLEBER was assassinated by a fanatical Mussulman, named Soleyman Halely, who stabbed him with a dagger, which he had kept concealed under his cloak, and repeated the blows until Kleber fell to the ground. Thus was France deprived of two of her most distinguished generals: for on that same day Dessaix fell at the battle of Marengo.

When Napoleon first received the unexpected intelligence of Kleber's death, he was deeply affected, and on reading the particulars of the assassination, he instantly called to mind how often he had been in the same situation as that in which Kleber was killed. The death of his lieutenant afflicted him the more, because it almost totally deprived him of the hope of preserving a conquest which had cost France so dear, and which was his work. One day, when he was in the trench at St. Jean d' Acre, standing up, and by his tall stature exposed to every shot, Napoleon called to him, "Stoop down, Kleber, stoop down!" "Why," replied he, "your confounded trench does not reach to my knees."

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NAPOLEON, it is said, often talked a great deal, and sometimes a little too much; but no one could tell a story in a more agreeable and interesting way. His conversation rarely turned on gay or humourous subjects, and never on trivial matters. He was so fond of argument, that in the warmth of discussion it was easy to draw from him secrets which he was most anxious to conceal. Sometimes, in a small circle, he would amuse himself by relating stories of presentiments and apparitions. For this he always chose the twilight of evening, and he would prepare his hearers for what was coming by some solemn remark. On one occasion of this kind, he said in a very grave tone of voice: "When death strikes a person, whom we love, and who is distant from us, a foreboding almost always denotes the event, and the dying person appears to us at the moment of his dissolution." He then immediately related the following anecdote: "A gentleman of the court of Louis XIV., was in the gallery of Versailles at the time that the king was reading to his courtiers the bulletin of the battle of Friedlingen, gained by Villars. Suddenly the gentleman saw, at the further end of the gallery, the ghost of his son, who served under Villars. He exclaimed, 'My son is no more;' and the next moment, the king named him among the dead."

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WHEN travelling, Napoleon was particularly talkative. In the warmth of his conversation, which was always characterised by original and interesting ideas, he sometimes dropped hints of his future views, or at least, he said things which were calculated to disclose what he wished to conceal. He frankly avowed this want of caution, when at St. Helena.

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A FRENCH author, who had made several unsuccessful attempts to get into the good graces of Napoleon, at last wrote a book in which he abused several princes, then at war with Napoleon, and dedicated it to the emperor. Napoleon, who was already acquainted with the contents of the book, when the author presented it to him with a dedication couched in the most flattering terms, turned over some of the leaves, put his hand in his pocket, and gave the author—one franc, saying: “Your book is full of falsehoods; when you write one without any, you shall receive as many, ‘Napoleon d’ors,’ as you have ‘centimes’ now.” The author wanted to excuse himself, but Napoleon requested him to go away, assuring him that his time was regularly divided, and that no alteration could be made in this division.

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WHEN at Paris, Napoleon used frequently to ride to St. Denis, partly to visit the grand and magnificent church, in which his mausoleum was being built, which, unfinished as it was, presented already a splendid piece of workmanship, and partly to review the young guards, who were in the barracks of the place. During one of these excursions, when he was only accompanied by a few staff-officers, and had left St. Denis later than usual, one of his officers observed on the side of the road a white object. He pointed it out to Napoleon, who ordered him to examine it more closely. The officer obeyed, and Napoleon was not a little astonished, when the officer returned with the intelligence that it was a young child, which, wrapt in white clothes, was lying on a blanket. Napoleon ordered it to be taken up. As it was already pretty dark, and the clothes which were wrapt around the child, began to flutter from the motion of the horses, the horses became so shy that the adjutant, who had more confidence in the steadiness of the one he rode, took it from the person who had held it; but his horse also became shy, so that he was scarcely able to manage it, and had not Napoleon, who was riding along side of the adjutant, seized the child, at the moment when the horse reared, it would no doubt have been thrown with the adjutant and been killed. Whilst the child was in Napoleon’s arms, his horse remained perfectly quiet, and as they were not far



from Paris, he kept it until they came to the barrier; they had wished to take it from him, but he assured them, that he would have to accustom himself to nursing (his lady was about this time *enciente*), and that this was no doubt a very good opportunity, it being at the same time a work of charity. At the barrier the child was taken from Napoleon, and he ordered it to be brought immediately to the palace, which was done. He took it in his arms and brought it to the empress, saying, that this was no doubt a good omen, and that, as the foundling was a boy, he did not doubt but that he would soon have a prince. Napoleon seems actually to have received this as a good sign, for not long after the birth of his son, he said to one of his officers, who had been present at the scene above described, that he (Napoleon) had been quite right, and that the event had proved to have been a good omen, for that his horse alone had remained quiet, and that nothing could pacify the others. Thus this great man also had his prejudices.

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AT Waterloo, one man was seen, whose left arm was shattered by a cannon ball, to wrench it off with the other, and throwing it up in the air, he exclaimed to his comrades, "*Vive l'empereur, jusqu'à la mort!*"

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WHEN Napoleon took his final farewell of France, all wept, but particularly Savary, and a Polish officer who had been exalted from the ranks by Bonaparte. He clung to his master's knees: wrote a letter to Lord Keith, entreated permission to accompany him, even in the most menial capacity, which could not be admitted.

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NAPOLEON entertained a profound dislike of the sanguinary men of the revolution, and especially the regicides. He felt, as a painful burden, the obligation of dissembling towards them. He spoke in terms of horror of those whom he called the assassins of Louis XVI., and he was annoyed at the necessity of employing them, and treating them with apparent respect. He would often say to Cambacérés, pinching him by the ear, to soften by that habitual familiarity, the bitterness of the remark, "My dear fellow, your case is clear; if ever the Bourbons come back, you will be hanged." A forced smile would then relax the livid countenance of Cambacérés, and was, usually, the only reply of the second consul, who, however, on one occasion said to Napoleon, "Come, come, have done with this joking."

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ONE thing which gave Napoleon great pleasure, when in the country, was to see a tall, slender woman, dressed in white, walking beneath an alley of shady trees. He detested coloured dresses, and especially dark ones. To fat women he had an invincible antipathy, and he could not endure the sight of a pregnant woman; it therefore rarely happened that a female in that situation was invited to his parties. He possessed every requisite for being what is called in society, an agreeable man, except the will to be so. His manner was imposing, rather than pleasing, and those who did not know him well, experienced, in his presence, an involuntary feeling of awe. In the drawing-room, where Josephine did the honours with so much grace and affability, all was gaiety and ease, and no one felt the presence of a superior; but on Napoleon's entrance, all was changed, and every eye was directed towards him, to read his humour in his countenance, whether he intended to be silent or talkative, dull or cheerful.

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ON Napoleon's return to Paris, after the battle of Marengo, he said exultingly, "well a few more events like this campaign, and I may go down to posterity. In less than two years I have won Cairo, Paris, and Milan; but for all that, were I to die to-morrow, I should not, at the end of ten centuries, occupy half a page of general history."

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NAPOLÉON saw Madame Grassinni at a concert, at Milan, and was struck with her beauty. He was introduced to her, and at the expiration of a few weeks, the conqueror of Italy counted one conquest more. Madame Grassinni proceeded to Paris, where she, subsequently, became one of the singers of the court concerts.

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ON the 30th of November 1809, the emperor and Josephine were dining together as usual, she had uttered not a word during dinner, and he had broken silence only to ask one of the servants what o'clock it was. As soon as Napoleon had taken his coffee, he dismissed all the attendants, and Josephine remained alone with him. Josephine saw, in the expression of his countenance, what was passing in his mind; and she knew that her hour was come. Napoleon approached her, took her by the hand, pressed it to his heart, and after gazing at her a few moments in silence, uttered these fatal words: "Josephine! My dear Josephine! you know how I have loved you! . . . . . To you, to you alone, I owe the only moments of happiness I have tasted in this world. But, Josephine, my destiny is not to be con-

trolled by my will. My dearest affections must yield to the interest of France!" "Say no more!" exclaimed Josephine, "I understand you: I expected this, but the blow is not the less severe." She had not power to say more. She shrieked, and fell to the floor, and was carried to her room insensible. Upon recovery, she exclaimed, "Alas! I had good reason to fear ever becoming an empress!"

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NAPOLEON had a great dislike to reconsider any decision, even when it was acknowledged to be unjust. In little as well as great things he evinced his repugnance to retrograde. An instance of this occurred in the affair of General Latour-Foissac. Napoleon felt how much he wronged that general: but he wished some time to elapse before he repaired his error. His heart and his conduct were at variance; but his feelings were overcome by what he conceived to be political necessity.

Napoleon was never known to say, "I have done wrong": his usual observation was, "I begin to think there is something wrong." In spite of this sort of feeling, which was more worthy of an ill-humoured philosopher than the head of a government, Napoleon was considered neither malignant nor vindictive.

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DURING the campaign of 1809, before the battle of Regensburg, a Tyrolese was brought in a prisoner. He had fought bravely, and had only been compelled to surrender to a superior numerical power. Napoleon heard this, and wanted to see the soldier himself; but his many wounds prevented him from leaving his quarters without exposing him to great danger. This was reported to the emperor, who, when he was asked whether he persisted in his demand, answered, "certainly; but I suppose the emperor of Austria likes his brave soldiers as well as I do mine, therefore, to be careful of him, I shall go and see him."

The day after Napoleon visited the Tyrolese, who was in quarters with a farmer, and who was very weak. He spoke German to him, but could only understand his answers in part. The emperor asked him "whether all his countrymen defended themselves as he had done?" To which the Tyrolese answered, "that if the emperor would go to Tyrol, he would not so easily get out again." Napoleon who had not understood him, had these words translated, and said jokingly to the brave rifleman: "If your countrymen are as bad as you say, I shall take care not to go there: it will therefore be your fault, if I go straight to Vienna and pay a visit to your emperor." To which the soldier replied very laconically, "Surely, Francis will

not be over-pleased at that." When this answer was translated to Napoleon, he laughed aloud at the simplicity of the soldier, and made him a present of some money.

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It was asked one day, in Napoleon's presence, how it happened that misfortunes, that were yet uncertain, often distressed us more than miseries we had already suffered. "Because," observed the emperor, "in the imagination, as in calculation, the power of what is unknown is incommensurable."

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A CELEBRATED man-milliner, who was a very insolent fellow, had the presumption at one time, to call Napoleon's conduct in question. He did what no man in France except himself, would have ventured to do; he began, with great volubility, to prove to Napoleon that he did not grant a sufficient allowance to the Empress Josephine; and that it was impossible she could pay for her clothes out of such a sum. He soon put an end to his impertinent eloquence. He stopped him short with a look, and left him transfixed.

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THE day before Napoleon passed Wilna, he reviewed his grenadier guards who formed the rear. The weather was dreadful, this having been no doubt the coldest day which the French army experienced in Russia; notwithstanding the old guards-men stood as firm as a wall, not showing the least symptoms of cold. Napoleon addressed an old grenadier from whose beard and eyebrows long icicles were pending: "grenadier it is very cold." "Yes, Sire, you are right, it is cold enough here, but only show us the enemy and you will see that your grenadiers do not feel cold; they would *burn* at the very north pole, to die for thee and for the glory of France." "Brave grenadiers," replied Napoleon, "I am proud to own you; there is but *one* noble guard in the world."

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SPEAKING of military eloquence, Napoleon said, "When in the heat of the battle, passing along the line, I used to exclaim, 'Soldiers, unfurl your banners, the moment is come;' our Frenchmen absolutely leaped for joy. I saw them multiply a hundred fold. I then thought nothing impossible."

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ON the evening after the battle of Austerlitz Napoleon passed along the whole line where the different regiments of the army had

fought, it was already dark ; he had recommended silence to all who accompanied him, that he might hear the cries of the wounded ; he immediately went to the spot where they were, alighted himself, and ordered a glass of brandy to be given them from the canteen which always followed him. He remained very late on the field of battle ; the squadron of his escort passed the whole night upon it in taking the cloaks from the Russian dead, for the purpose of covering the wounded with them. He himself ordered a large fire to be kindled near each of them, sent about for a muster-master, and did not retire until he had arrived ; and, having left him a picket of his own escort, he enjoined him not to quit these wounded till they were all in the hospital. These brave men loaded him with blessings, which found the way to his heart much better than all the flatteries of courtiers. It was thus that he won the affection of his soldiers, who knew that when they suffered it was not his fault ; and, therefore, they never spared themselves in his service.

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THE double battle of Ostrowna and Wisebsk, having been entirely lost by the Russians, and the king of Naples pursuing them closely, with his cavalry, so that the roads were covered with caps, knapsacks, and other accoutrements, thrown away by the Russians on their rapid retreat, flags of truce used to arrive daily at the French head-quarters, demanding a cessation of arms for a few hours, under all sorts of pretexts. The king of Naples had constantly refused them ; at last, several days after the battle, a flag of truce came to Napoleon himself, demanding a cessation of arms of two hours, to inter, as the bearer pretended, several staff-officers, who had been killed. Napoleon, who happened to be in a good humour, very politely observed to the bearer of the flag of truce, "Sir, please to tell the prince that we are in a great hurry to arrive in Moscow this winter. I would willingly grant his request, but it is out of my power ; he has, however, to do with Frenchmen, therefore let them put these honourable remains at some place or other, we shall take care that they are buried with the same honours as if it had been done by the Russian army."

The bearer of the flag, who saw that Napoleon would not grant the cessation of arms, observed, however, that the journey to Moscow would not be so easily accomplished, assuring Napoleon that they, the Russians, had, besides their army, a large corps of reserve at Smolensk. Napoleon asked : "how high do you rate your army ?" the officer stated an out of the way number of cavalry and infantry, so that Napoleon could not refrain from laughing at his exaggeration, and exclaimed : "My friend, if you have no more than (stating the immense number which the officer had mentioned) I can have a



drummer tied to the tail of every one of your horses, from the immense number of troops which are following me; but if you should perhaps have an army in the moon, you may take care of them, lest my detachment in the sun should make it too hot for them."

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"No series of great actions," says Napoleon, "is the mere work of chance and fortune; it is always the result of reflection and genius. Great men rarely fail in the most perilous undertakings. Look at Alexander, Cæsar, Hannibal, the great Gustavus, and others; they always succeeded. Were they great men merely because they were fortunate? No; but because, being great men, they possessed the art of commanding fortune. When we come to inquire into the causes of their success, we are astonished to find that they did every thing to obtain it."

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ONE of Napoleon's officers lost a beautiful watch. He made it publicly known by a bell man of the place. An hour after, a young lad, belonging to the village, brought the watch, saying he had found it on the high road, in a wheel-rut. The circumstance was related, the same evening, to Napoleon, who was so struck with this instance of honesty, that he directed that information be procured respecting the young man and his family. Learning that they were poor but honest peasants, Napoleon gave three brothers of this family employment; and, what was most difficult to persuade him to, he exempted the young man, who brought the watch, from the conscription.

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AT the capitulation of Ulm, then one of the free cities of the German empire, which was delivered up by the Austrians who were sent there to defend it. A French general, passing before the ranks of his men, said to them, "Well, comrades, we have prisoners enough here. "Yes, indeed," replied one of the soldiers; "we never saw so many collected together before." Napoleon was much displeased when he heard of this, and remarked that it was "atrocious to insult brave men, to whom the fate of arms had proved unfavourable."

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NAPOLÉON, who was so violently irritated by any obstacles which opposed him, and who treated with so much hauteur whoever ventured to resist his inflexible will, was no longer the same man, when, a conqueror, he received the vanquished generals. He condoled

with them on their misfortunes; and this was not the result of a feeling of pride, concealed beneath a feigned hypocrisy. Although he profited by their defeat, he pitied them sincerely. He frequently observed, "How much to be pitied is a general on the day after a lost battle." He had himself experienced this misfortune, when he was obliged to raise the siege of St. Jean d'Acre. At that moment he would have strangled Dsezzar; but if Dsezzar had surrendered, he would have treated him with the same attention which he showed to Mack and the other generals of the garrison of Ulm. These generals were seventeen in number, and among them was Prince Lichstenstein, who, the day before had been so surprised at seeing the emperor. There were also General Klenau, Baron de Giulay, who had acquired considerable military reputation in the preceding wars, and General Fresnel, who stood in a more critical situation than his companions in misfortune, for he was a Frenchman and an emigrant. They bowed respectfully to the emperor, having Mack at their head. They preserved a mournful silence, and Napoleon was the first to speak, which he did in the following terms: "Gentlemen, I feel sorry that such brave men as you are, should be the victims of the follies of a cabinet which cherishes insane projects, and which does not hesitate to compromise the dignity of the Austrian nation, by trafficking with the services of brave generals. Your names are known to me—they are honourably known wherever you have fought. Examine the conduct of those who have compromised you. What could be more iniquitous than to attack me without a declaration of war? The alliance which your cabinet has formed will appear monstrous in history. It is the alliance of dogs, shepherds and wolves, against sheep. It is fortunate for you that I have not been defeated in the unjust struggle to which I have been provoked: if I had, the cabinet of Vienna would have soon perceived its error, for which, perhaps, it will one day pay dearly."

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ONE day when General Rapp was soliciting Napoleon for the promotion of two officers, he said, "I will not make so many promotions; Berthier has already made me do too much in that way." Then turning to Louriston; "Louriston," said he, "we did not get on so fast in our time; did we? I continued for many years in the rank of lieutenant." "That may be, Sire, but you have since made up famously for your lost time." Napoleon laughed at the repartee, and the request was granted.

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IN the month of August, 1802, when the consulate for life was discussed in the counsel of state, with which was connected that of

hereditary right, Napoleon thus expressed himself: "Hereditary right is absurd, irreconcilable with the sovereignty of the people and impossible in France."

This declaration was voluntary, for he had not been called upon to explain his principles, yet two years had scarcely elapsed before he ascended the throne, and revived in favour of his own family that *hereditary right, absurd and impossible in France*.

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RAPP tells an amusing story of the interview of the pope at the coronation of Napoleon, he says.—"After the emperor and the pope had well embraced, they went into the same carriage; and, in order that they might be upon a footing of equality, they were to enter at the same time by opposite doors. All that was settled upon; but at breakfast the emperor had calculated how he should manage, without appearing to assume anything, to get on the right-hand side of the pope, and every thing turned out as he wished."

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WHEN on the retreat from Moscow, Napoleon one day saw a lancer, who was leading six or seven small Russian horses laden with provisions, come across a field towards the highway. Napoleon stopped for a moment and waited for the horseman. When he came up, he said: "Well, comrade, where do you come from?" "Sire!" replied the Pole, "I have been levying horses, some of my comrades had lost theirs, and I went to obtain the requisite number. I did not like to let the horses go empty, and so loaded them with provisions; if your majesty is in want of any, part of them is at your service—however, I must hasten to return to my comrades, whose appetites must be pretty well sharpened by this time." Napoleon laughed at the serious manner in which the Pole had delivered himself of this speech, and ordered a bottle of brandy for him, which he immediately emptied to the health of the emperor, and in his presence, saying: "Well, emperor, when we meet again I shall treat you." He then clapped spurs to his horse and rode off with his levy of horses. Napoleon looked after him, saying: "If I had but 100,000 Poles like this fellow, I would pay a visit to the king of Persia within four months, making my way through Russia, spite of all obstacles."

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AN officer of the 3d regiment of Chasseurs, who was married to a beautiful and accomplished lady from Mecklenburg, committed some great blunder when on duty. According to military law, a severe punishment awaited him. His wife, who had in vain applied



to the commander of the regiment and the general of the brigade, determined at last to go to the emperor who was in quarters, at a distance of only a few miles, and to implore his mercy. Napoleon received the lady very condescendingly, but made many difficulties when he had learned her want; she was not however to be refused, and he at last yielded, and pardoned the husband.

The lady thanked the emperor in the most affecting terms, but implored him to remove her husband who had served a long time, had always proved a good soldier, and who wore the cross of the legion of honour, to the Commissariat Department. First, the emperor looked somewhat blank, but the winning manner of this lovely woman was finally attended with success. Napoleon told general Davoust who was present, to see his orders executed, and then turned to the handsome petitioner, saying: "Madam! you see that I have granted all your requests, and I am certain that you will not now refuse me one favour, which is, to leave me immediately, for if you remain longer I fear you will make your husband *Prefect* of Paris." The lady, who was perfectly satisfied, took her leave, and the emperor observed laughing to those who surrounded him: "It is lucky that but few of my soldiers are married else I should have none but petticoat-generals."

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DURING the consular government, about the time when so much was said in the royalist circles about the possible return of the Bourbons, the publication of a popular book contributed not a little to direct the attention of the public to the most brilliant period of the reign of Louis XIV. This book was the historical romance of *Madame de la Valliere*, by *Madame de Genlis*, who had recently returned to France. Napoleon read it and seemed to be pleased with it. It was not until some time after that he complained of the effect which was produced in Paris by this publication, and especially by engravings representing scenes in the life of Louis XIV., and which were exhibited in the shop windows. He immediately gave orders to have the prints suppressed. Fouché saw the absurdity of interfering with trifles.

Immediately after the creation of the legion of honour, it being summer, the young men of Paris indulged in the whim of wearing a carnation in a button-hole, which, at a distance, had rather a deceptive effect. Napoleon took this very seriously. He sent for Fouché, and desired him to arrest those who presumed thus to turn the new order into ridicule. Fouché merely replied, that he would wait till autumn, and Napoleon understood that trifles were often rendered matters of importance by being honoured with too much attention.

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SHORTLY after the Russian campaign, when Napoleon had returned to the capital, he heard that there was a man in Paris, who resembled him very much, both in figure and features. Napoleon was curious to see this living likeness, and sent for him. The man came. The emperor found the resemblance very striking, ordered him to put on a uniform, altogether similar to that which he wore, placed himself with his image before a looking glass, and had a hearty laugh at the second Napoleon. He inquired into the situation and circumstances of the man, who was somewhat younger than himself, and learned that he was clerk in a commercial house in Paris, but that he did not feel any predilection for his present occupation. In the course of the conversation, Napoleon discovered that this man, who so strongly resembled him in person, had not one feature of the mind in common with him. He was dull, and his understanding very limited. His simplicity amused Napoleon for some time, and when he was tired of his conversation, he told him to ask some favour. M. La Fouche—the name of this copy of Napoleon—replied, that he had a favour to ask, but that probably Napoleon would not grant it. Napoleon, however, assured him that if it was not unreasonable, he would grant it, on his word of honour. Encouraged by this assurance, he begged to obtain a lieutenants' commission in a regiment of lancers, then in Paris. Napoleon laughed at the strange request, but granted it, saying: "What will my soldiers say when they see two Napoleons, with one head?"

This La Fouche, who was afterwards called de La Fouche, remained in the army till the dissolution of the old French army, in 1814. It is said that he has sometimes been obliged to play the part of Napoleon, but under proper control. The resemblance was, indeed, very striking, particularly when he was dressed like the emperor. He had, however, nothing else in common with his great prototype, was very proud of his person, and otherwise exceedingly stupid. He had never been on active service, because he was incapable, and was often laughed at by the private soldiers. When dressed in his imperial costume, which bore no resemblance to the uniform of his regiment, the soldiers often cried, "*Vive l'empereur*," at which he was always delighted.

After Napoleon had been sent to Elba, some wags used to amuse themselves by making him believe that he was about to be arrested, as the authorities knew for certain that he was the real Napoleon, and that M. La Fouche was at Elba. He sometimes remained months in his room, as he believed for certain that his person would create a tumult.

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SAYS Napoleon, infantry charged by cavalry, should fire from a distance, instead of firing closely, according to the present practice.

Infantry and cavalry, left to themselves, without artillery, will procure no decisive result, but with the aid of artillery, all things else equal, cavalry might destroy infantry. Artillery really decides the fate of armies and nations; men now fight with blows of cannon balls, as they fought with blows of fists; for in battles, as in sieges, the art consists in making numerous discharges converge on one and the same point, and he who has sufficient address amidst the conflict to direct a mass of artillery suddenly and unexpectedly on any particular point of the enemy's force is sure of the victory. This has been my grand secret, and my grand plan of tactics."

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WHEN the progress of the French army, after the battle of Ostrawna was arrested at Wisebsk, by the Russians, Napoleon rode up to a battery, and ordered a round to be fired at the enemy. It was done, but without much effect. The emperor turned to the nearest artillery-man, observing that his ball had not taken effect. "Sire!" replied the artillery-man, "I'll bet a napoleon d'or\* on each shot." "Done," said Napoleon, and pointed out to him an officer of the Russian red huzzars, who stood opposite the battery, "do you see that officer?" "Yes, Sire!" "Well, we'll see who wins the bet." The artillery-man pointed the gun, fired, and missed. "You have lost comrade," said the emperor, "give me my napoleon d'or." "Sire!" replied the artillery-man, "double or quits, I will knock the buttons off of that rifleman's uniform." Napoleon assented. The artillery man loaded anew, aimed, fired, and the rifleman fell from his horse. "We are quits, Sire," said the artillery-man, drily. Napoleon laid his hand on his shoulder, gave him several napoleon d'ors, and said to him in a friendly manner, "Do not forget to drink my health, when we get to Moscow."

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OF the prisoners of war, several detachments passed, after the conclusion of the peace, within a few miles of Paris, and as no order had been issued to prevent officers from leaving the detachment, many of them took an opportunity of seeing the capital. It happened that one of these officers was in an inn to take some refreshments, when a soldier of the grenadier guard entered. He sat down at no great distance from the officer, and they began to converse. The conversation soon turned to their profession, and then to the campaigns, &c. Perhaps that the young man's head was overheated with liquor, which, in connexion with his youth, caused the old guardsman to overlook several foolish assertions. But, finally, they talked

\* A gold coin struck during the reign of Napoleon.

of the last campaign, in which the officer had been made prisoner, and where the old guard had covered itself with new laurels. The officer boasted of the bravery of his countrymen, and the guardsman, whether from conviction or out of politeness, agreed to what he said, contradicting only such statements as he knew from personal experience to be incorrect. The young man grew irritated at the contradiction, from one whom he looked upon as a common soldier,—for to him it might appear unheard of that a private should open his lips when an officer had spoken—and, therefore, made some unhandsome observations, which only caused the old soldier to laugh. Still more enraged at the indifference and equanimity of the soldier, the officer at last commenced to speak in doubtful terms of the old guard, asserting that their fame was after all only imaginary, that he had already seen them run. This, at last, aroused the guardsman, he rose, walked up to the officer, and said: “Mr. Milk-sop, I have quietly listened to your personal insults, but your basely insulting my comrades shall be punished. Draw! I will show you how the old guard runs!” The officer, who was rather taken aback, pretended that his rank prevented him from meeting a private soldier; but a French officer in civil clothes, who was present, assured him that as he was here not as an officer, but as a private individual, he could not help accepting the challenge, as a man of honour. The remainder of the officers acted as seconds, and the result was, as might have been anticipated, the officer was mortally wounded, and died forty-eight hours after the combat.

The whole story, which could not long remain a secret, was reported to the emperor, before the persons who had been present at the duel, had been discovered. The landlord, who alone might have given a true account of the affair, related the circumstances, but pretended not to know any of the parties concerned, and Napoleon heard the story in the same manner. He sent for the landlord, and inquired into all the particulars. This person assured him that the guardsman could not have acted otherwise, that he had remained cool for a long time, and that, not until the officer had abused the old guards, and said that he had seen them run, had he got up and called him out. Napoleon dismissed the landlord, to whom he made a present, and, on the same day, visited the barracks of the old guards. He ordered the regiments to parade, one after another, and addressed them. “Comrades! one of my grenadiers of the guards has had a quarrel in an inn. Certain of the honour of my guards, I call upon him to appear before me, to relate the circumstances and to make his defence.”

He had scarcely spoken these words to his brave grenadiers, when the soldier stepped out of the ranks and presented himself to Napoleon. Napoleon asked him, sternly, why he had commenced a row



in an inn. "Sire!" said the old grenadier, "ask my officers whether I have ever been a bully. Fifteen years I have followed your banners faithfully, and have always done my duty. Not one of my fellow-soldiers can come forward and accuse me of ever having been intoxicated, even in the smallest degree. I was willing to forgive that coward his personal insults, as he was young, and a stranger, but to insult a corps in which I have served for the last nine years, which all France esteems, to say that he had seen this corps run, this was too much, your majesty! I could not let it pass: I have done wrong, and am willing to undergo every punishment, should it be that of death, for the honour of my regiment. I do not implore your mercy, emperor! A man who has been fifteen years a soldier, and nine years in the guards, has learned how to die, but not how to beg." Napoleon, who was already convinced of the innocence of the man, and only wanted to see what influence he had over his soldiers, shook hands with him, and said: "Grenadier! if I did not want my guards badly, every grenadier should be a general! Return to the ranks, you are worthy of the situation you fill, I cannot give you a greater reward; you are already in the old guards of France. Tears trickled over the foxy mustachio of the old grenadier, he made right about face, and returned to his place, whilst the voices of several thousand heroes shouted: "*Vive notre empereur.*"

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ON the subject of religion, Napoleon's ideas were very vague. "My reason," said he, "makes me incredulous respecting many things; but the impressions of my childhood and early youth throw me into uncertainty." He was very fond of talking of religion. He readily yielded up all that was proved against religion, as the work of men and time; but he would not hear of materialism. At one time, when in argument upon the subject of materialism, Napoleon raised his hands to heaven, and pointing to the stars, said, "You may talk as long as you please, gentlemen, but who made all that?" The perpetuity of a name in the memory of man was to him the immortality of the soul. He was perfectly tolerant towards every variety of religious faith.

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MADAME Murat gave a grand fete in honour of Napoleon, at her residence in Neuilly. At dinner, Napoleon sat opposite Madame Murat, at the principal table, which was appropriated to the ladies. He eat fast, and talked but little. However, when the dessert was introduced, he put a question to each lady. This question was to inquire their respective ages. When Madame Bourrienne's turn came, he



said to her, "Oh! I know yours." This was a great length for his gallantry, and the other ladies were far from being pleased at it.

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NAPOLEON attached great importance to the opinion of the English people respecting any misconduct that was attributed to him. The following will afford an example of Napoleon's disposition to employ petty and roundabout means to gain his ends. He gave a ball at Malmaison, when Hortense was in the seventh month of her pregnancy. He disliked to see women in that situation, and, above all, could not endure to see them dance. Yet, in spite of this antipathy, he himself asked Hortense to dance at the ball of Malmaison. She at first declined, but Napoleon was exceedingly importunate; and said to her in a tone of good-humoured persuasion, "Do, I beg of you; I particularly wish to see you dance—come, stand up to oblige me." Hortense consented. The motive will be explained:

On the day after the ball, one of the newspapers contained some verses on Hortense's dancing. She was exceedingly annoyed at this; and when the paper arrived at Malmaison, she expressed displeasure at it. Even allowing for all the facility of the newspaper wits, she was, nevertheless, at a loss to understand how the lines could have been written and printed respecting a circumstance which only occurred the day before. Napoleon smiled, and gave her no distinct answer. Upon inquiry, she ascertained, what indeed was the fact, that the ball had been prepared for the verses, and that it was only for the appropriateness of their application, that the first consul had pressed her to dance. He adopted this strange contrivance for contradicting an article which appeared in an English journal, announcing that Hortense was delivered. Napoleon was highly indignant at this premature announcement, which he clearly saw was made for the sole purpose of giving credit to the scandalous rumours of his imputed connexion with Hortense. Such were the petty machinations which not unfrequently found their places in a mind in which the grandest schemes were revolving.

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NAPOLEON having unexpectedly broken in upon Josephine's morning circle, he found a celebrated milliner, whom he had expressly forbidden to go near the empress, as she was ruining her by extravagant demands. His unlooked for entrance occasioned great dismay in the academie sitting. He gave some orders, unperceived, to the individuals who were in attendance; and, on the lady's departure, she was seized and conducted to the Bicetre. A great outcry was raised among the higher circles in Paris. It soon became the fashion to visit the milliner in her confinement, and there was daily a file of

carriages at the gate of the prison. The police informed him of these facts. "All the better," said Napoleon;—"but I hope she is not treated with severity—not confined in a dungeon." "No, Sire, she has a suite of apartments and a drawing-room." "Oh, well, let her be. If this measure is pronounced to be tyrannical, so much the better; it will be a diapason stroke for a great many others,—very little will serve to show that I can do more."

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NAPOLEON could not sing, because nature had given him the most untunable voice imaginable. He was, however, very fond of humming any airs or fragments of musical composition which pleased him, and which he happened to recollect. These little reminiscences usually came across his mind in the morning, while dressing. The air which he most frequently hummed, though in a very imperfect way, was the "Marseillaise Hymn." He also used to whistle tunes, occasionally; and whenever he whistled the air of "Marlbrook," his servants would take it as a sure prognostic of his approaching departure for the army. It is said that he never whistled so much, nor appeared so cheerful, as when on the eve of his departure for the Russian campaign.

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NOWHERE, except on the field of battle, was Napoleon more happy than in the gardens of Malmaison. At the commencement of the consulate, he used to go there every Saturday evening, and stay the whole of Sunday, and sometimes Monday. Napoleon used to spend a considerable part of his time in walking and superintending the improvements which he had ordered;—but the reports of the police disturbed his natural confidence, and gave him reason to fear the attempts of concealed royalist partisans.

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AT the time of the explosion of the infernal machine, a person who had just heard of the news, called at a house in a certain quarter of the capital, and hastily entering the drawing-room, in which a party was assembled, he informed the company that Napoleon was no more; and after having given an account of the event that had just taken place, he concluded by saying: "He is fairly blown up." "He blown up?" exclaimed an old Austrian officer, who had eagerly listened to all that was said, and who had been a witness to many of the dangers which the young general of the army of Italy had so miraculously escaped;—"he blown up? Ah! you know a great deal about it. I venture to say that he is, at this very moment, as well as any of us. I know him and all his tricks of old!"

WHEN the king of Prussia found himself defeated at every point, he bitterly repented having undertaken a war which had delivered his states into Napoleon's power in less time than in which Austria had fallen the preceding year. He wrote to the emperor, soliciting a suspension of hostilities. "It is too late," said Napoleon, "but no matter, I wish to stop the effusion of blood; I am ready to agree to any thing which is not prejudicial to the honour or interest of the nation. Then calling Duroc, he gave him orders to visit the wounded, and see that they wanted for nothing. He added, "Visit every man on my behalf; give them all the consolation of which they stand in need;—afterwards, find the king of Prussia, and if he offers reasonable proposals, let me know them."

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DUROC, who, as it will appear, stood high in his master's regard and confidence, was struck by a cannon-ball, as he was reconnoitring the position for a night encampment of the army, and his bowels fell to the ground, when he had the extraordinary resolution to collect and replace them with his own hands, on the spot. In this hopeless state, he was removed to a neighbouring cottage, where he survived twenty-four hours. A mortification soon took place, and a very offensive smell began to issue from his body, which continued to increase. After he had been some time in this state, the emperor came to visit and console him. The dying man, after expressing his acknowledgments to his master for this gracious act of kindness, which he accompanied with sentiments of the utmost loyalty and devotion, recommended his wife and daughter to the imperial protection; and then entreated him to depart, lest the effluvia proceeding from him might be attended with infection. Napoleon's grief was perfectly romantic—he lay a whole night on the stone which covered the grave of his friend.

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"I LOVE the Poles," said Napoleon to the deputation from Warsaw; "their enthusiastic character pleases me. I should like to make them independent; but that is a difficult matter. Austria, Russia, and Prussia, have all had a slice of the cake. When the match is once kindled, who knows where the conflagration may stop. My first duty is towards France, which I must not sacrifice to Poland; we must refer this matter to the sovereign of all things—time: he will presently show us what we must do."

The French troops used to say that the four following words constituted the whole language of the Poles;—"Kleba? niema; voda? sara;"—(some bread? there is none; some water? we will go and fetch it.) This was all that was to be heard in Poland. Napoleon



one day passed by a column of infantry in the neighbourhood of Nasielsk, where the troops were suffering the greatest privations, on account of the mud, which prevented the arrival of provisions.—“Papa, Kleba!” exclaimed a soldier. “Niema,” replied the emperor. The whole column burst into a fit of laughter; they asked for nothing more.

Napoleon and all the French officers, paid their tribute of admiration to the charms of the fair Poles. There was one whose powerful fascinations made a deep impression on the emperor’s heart. He conceived an ardent affection for her, which she cordially returned. She received with pride the homage of a conquest which was the consummation of her happiness; and her attachment remained unshaken amidst every danger, and at the period of Napoleon’s reverses, she continued his faithful friend.

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WHEN Napoleon was at Tilsit, for the purpose of a treaty with the emperor Alexander, of Russia, and the king of Prussia, the Queen received him, he said, like Mademoiselle Duchénois, in the character of Chimene, thrown back into a grand attitude, demanding, calling aloud for *justice*. In one word, it was altogether a theatrical scene; the representation was truly tragic. He was unable to speak for an instant, and thought the only way of extricating himself was that of bringing back the business to the tone of regular comedy, which he attempted by presenting her with a chair, and gently forcing her to be seated. She did not, however, discontinue the most pathetic expressions. “Prussia,” she exclaimed, “had been blindfolded with respect to her power;—she had dared to contend with a hero, to oppose herself to the destinies of France, to neglect his auspicious friendship: she was deservedly punished for it. The glory of the great Frederick, his memory, and his inheritance had puffed the pride of Prussia, and had caused her ruin, &c. &c.” She solicited, supplicated, and implored. The emperor kept his ground as well as he could. Fortunately, the husband made his appearance. The queen reproved, with an expressive look, the unseasonable interruption, and showed some pettishness. In fact, the king who attempted to take part in the conversation, spoiled the whole affair, and “I was,” said Napoleon, “set at liberty.” At dinner the queen was seated at table between the two emperors, who rivaled each other in gallantry. She was placed near Alexander’s best ear: with one he can scarcely hear. The evening came, and the queen having retired, Napoleon, who had shown the most engaging attention to his guests, but who had, at the same time, been often driven to an extremity, resolved to come to a point. He sent for M. de Talleyrand, and Prince Kourakin, talked big to them, and



letting fly some hard words, observed, "that after all, a woman and a piece of gallantry ought not to alter a system conceived for the destiny of a great people, and that he insisted upon the immediate conclusion of the negotiations and the signing of the treaty;" which took place according to his orders. The queen of Prussia wept, and was indignant, when she heard that the treaty was signed, and determined to see the emperor, Napoleon, no more. She would not accept an invitation to dinner. Alexander was himself obliged to prevail upon her. She complained most bitterly, and maintained, that Napoleon had broken his word. But Alexander had been always present. He had even been a dangerous witness, ready to give evidence of the slightest action or word on the part of Napoleon, in her favour. "He had made you no promise," was his observation to her; "if you can prove the contrary, I here pledge myself as between man and man, to make him keep his promise." "But he has given me to understand," said she. "No," replied Alexander, "and you have nothing to reproach him with." She at length came. Napoleon, who had no longer any occasion to be on his guard against her, redoubled his attentions. She played off, for a few moments, the airs of an offended coquette, and when the dinner was over, and she was about to retire, Napoleon presented his hand, and conducted her to the middle of the staircase, where he stopped. She squeezed his hand, and said with a kind of tenderness, "Is it possible, that after having had the honour of being so near to the hero of the century and of history, he will not leave me the power and satisfaction of being enabled to assure him, that he has attached me to him for life." "Madame," replied the emperor in a serious tone, "I am to be pitied, it is the result of my unhappy stars." He then took leave of her. When she reached her carriage, she threw herself into it in tears; sent for Duroc, whom she highly esteemed, renewed all her complaints to him, and said, pointing to the palace: "There is a place in which I have been cruelly deceived!"

Almost every day at Tilsit, the two emperors and the king rode out on horseback together: "But," said Napoleon, "the latter was always awkward and unlucky." The Prussians felt it very visibly. Napoleon was constantly between the two sovereigns, but either the king fell behind, or jostled and incommoded Napoleon.

Napoleon and Alexander met again some time after at Erfurt, and exchanged the most striking testimonies of affection. Alexander expressed with earnestness the sentiments of tender friendship and real admiration which he entertained for Napoleon. They passed some days together in the enjoyment of the charms of perfect intimacy and of the most familiar communications of private life.

Napoleon had sent for the most distinguished performers of the

French theatre. A celebrated actress, Mademoiselle B——, attracted the attention of his guest, who had a momentary fancy to get acquainted with her. He asked his companion whether any inconvenience was likely to be the result.—“None,” answered Napoleon, “only,” added he, intentionally, “it is a certain and rapid mode of making yourself known to all Paris.” The danger of such a kind of publicity appeased the monarch’s rising passion; “for,” said Napoleon, “he was very circumspect with regard to that point, and he recollected, no doubt, the old adage, when the mask falls, the hero disappears.”

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NAPOLEON has said, that, had it been his wish, Alexander would certainly have given his sister in marriage; his politics would have dictated the match, even had his inclination been against it. He was petrified when he heard of the marriage with Austria, and exclaimed—“This consigns me to my native forests.” If he seemed at first to shift about, it was because some time was necessary to enable him to come to a decision. His sister was very young, and the consent of his mother was requisite. This was settled by Paul’s will, and the empress’ mother was one of Napoleon’s greatest enemies. She was also the dupe of all the absurdities, all the ridiculous stories which had been circulated on his personal account. “How,” she exclaimed, “can I marry my daughter to a man who is unfit for a husband? Shall another man take possession of my daughter’s bed, if it be necessary, that she should have children? She is not formed for such a fate.” “Mother,” said Alexander, “can you be so credulous as to believe the calumnies of London and the insinuations of the saloons of Paris? If that be the only difficulty, if it be that alone which gives you pain, I answer for him, and many others have it in their power to answer for him with me.”

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JEROME never fulfilled the wishes of his brother, who always called him a little profligate. From his earliest years, his conduct was often a source of vexation to his brother and his family.

When Jerome was at Brest, in 1802, in the rank of Enseigne de Vaisseau, he launched into expenses far beyond what his fortune or his pay could maintain. He often drew on Napoleon for sums of money, which he paid with much unwillingness. One of his letters, in particular, excited Napoleon’s anger. The epistle was filled with accounts of the entertainments Jerome was giving and receiving, and ended by stating his wish to draw for seventeen thousand francs. To this Napoleon wrote the following reply:

“I have read your letter, Monsieur L’ Enseigne de Vaisseau:

you are studying, on board your corvette, a profession which you ought to consider as your road to glory. Die young, and I shall have some consolatory reflection; but if you live to sixty, without having served your country, and without leaving behind you any honourable recollections, you had better not have lived at all."

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THE following words were actually delivered from the pulpit: "God in his mercy has chosen Napoleon to be his representative on earth. The queen of Heaven has marked, by the most magnificent of presents, the anniversary of the day which witnessed her glorious entrance into her domains. Heavenly virgin! as a special testimony of your love for the French, and your all powerful influence with your son, you have connected the first of your solemnities with the birth of the great Napoleon. Heaven ordained the hero should spring from your sepulchre!"

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AT the height of his glory and power, Napoleon was so suspicious, that the veriest trifle sufficed to alarm him. When Colonel Burr, formerly vice-president of the United States, arrived at Altona, the minister of police ordered vigilant measures to be taken, which were equivalent to persecution—and it was with the greatest difficulty that he obtained a passport to go to Paris.

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ONE day at St. Cloud, at the grand audience which was held on each Sunday, a sub-prefect, or some other public officer of Piedmont, who was standing by, addressed the emperor in a loud tone of voice, and with the utmost emotion, calling for justice, asserting that he had been falsely accused, and unjustly condemned and dismissed from the service. "Apply to my ministers," answered the emperor. "No, Sire, I wish to be judged by you." "That is impossible; my time is wholly absorbed with the general interests of the empire, and my ministers are appointed to take into consideration the particular cases of individuals." "But they will condemn me." "For what reason?" "Because everybody is against me." "Why?" "Because I love you—to love you, Sire, is a sufficient motive to inspire every one with hatred." All the bystanders were disconcerted at this answer, and red with confusion; but the emperor replied with the utmost calmness: "This is rather a strange assertion, sir, but I am willing to hope that you'r mistaken;" and he passed on to the next person.



BEFORE he fought a battle, Napoleon thought little about what he should do in case of success, but a great deal about what he should do in case of a reverse of fortune. Napoleon was thoroughly convinced of the truth, that trifles often decided the greatest events; therefore, he watched, rather than provoked, opportunity, and when the right moment approached, he suddenly took advantage of it.

It is curious, that, amidst all the anxieties of war and government, the fear of the Bourbons incessantly pursued him; and the Faubourg Saint Germain was to him always a threatening phantom.

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NAPOLEON entertained a high regard for the Germans. "I levied many millions of imposts on them, it is true," said he—"that was necessary; but I should never have insulted them, or treated them with contempt.—I esteemed the Germans."

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ON the reception of the news of the death of Washington, Napoleon addressed the following letter to the consular guard and the army:

*"Washington is dead! that great man who fought against tyranny, and consolidated his country's freedom. His memory will be always dear to Frenchmen, and to all freemen in both worlds—but especially to the French soldiers, who, like him and the American soldiers, have contended for liberty and equality. The first consul, therefore, orders, that for ten days black crape shall be suspended from all the flags and standards of the republic."*

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ONCE, only, did Murat show himself under the influence of fear, and the reader shall see in what circumstance it was that he ceased to be himself.

When Napoleon, in his first Italian campaign, had forced Wurmser to retreat into Mantua, with twenty-eight thousand men, he directed Miollis, with only four thousand men, to oppose any sortie that might be attempted by the Austrian general. In one of these sorties, Murat, who was at the head of a very weak detachment, was ordered to charge Wurmser. He was afraid,—neglected to execute the order, and, in a moment of confusion, said he was wounded. Murat immediately fell into disgrace with the general-in-chief, whose aide-de-camp he was: but as the ladies, with whom he was a great favourite, were not devoid of influence with the minister of war, Murat was, by their interest, attached to the engineer corps, in the expedition to Egypt. On board the *Orient*, he remained in the



most complete disgrace. Napoleon did not address a word to him during the passage; and in Egypt, the general-in-chief always treated him with coldness, and often sent him from the head-quarters on disagreeable services. However, the general-in-chief having opposed him to Murat Bey, Murat performed such prodigies of valour, in every perilous encounter, that he effaced the transitory stain, which a momentary hesitation under the walls of Mantua had left on his character. Finally, Murat's charge with grenadiers, on the 19th Brumaire, in the Hall of the Five Hundred, dissipated all the remaining traces of dislike.

When Murat applied to Napoleon for the hand of his sister in marriage, he heard him with unmoved gravity, said that he would consider the matter, but gave no positive answer. This affair was, as may be supposed, the subject of conversation in the evening, in the saloon of the Luxembourg. Madame Bonaparte employed all her powers of persuasion to obtain the first consul's consent; and her efforts were seconded by Hortense, Eugene, and M. de Bourrienne. "Murat," said he, "is an inn-keeper's son. In the elevated rank where glory and fortune have placed me, I never can mix his blood with mine; besides there is no hurry: I shall see, by and by."

At last, by their redoubled entreaties, he consented, saying "you ought to be satisfied, and so am I, too, every thing considered. Murat is suited to my sister, and then no one can say that I am proud, or seek grand alliances. If I had given my sister to a noble, all your Jacobins would have raised a cry of counter revolution. Besides, I am very glad that my wife is interested in this marriage. Since it is determined on, I will hasten it forward—we have no time to lose. If I go to Italy, I will take Murat with me. I must strike a decisive blow there."

At the time of the marriage of Murat, Napoleon had not much money, and therefore only gave his sister a dowry of thirty thousand francs. Still thinking it necessary, however, to make her a marriage present, and not possessing the means to purchase a suitable one, he took a diamond necklace, which belonged to his wife, and gave it to the bride. Josephine was not at all pleased with this mark of generosity.

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ABOUT the commencement of the year 1802, Napoleon began to feel acute pains in his right side. He would often, when sitting up at night, lean against the right arm of his chair, and, unbuttoning his coat and waistcoat, exclaim, "what pain I feel!" He frequently used to say at this time, "I fear that when I am forty, I shall become a great eater: I have a foreboding that I shall grow very corpulent."

The pain Napoleon suffered augmented his irritability, and influenced many acts of that period of his life. He would often destroy in the morning what he had dictated overnight.

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SOME days before his entrance into Vienna, Napoleon, who was riding on horseback along the road, dressed in his usual uniform of chasseurs of the guard, met an open carriage, in which were seated a lady and a priest. The lady was in tears, and Napoleon could not refrain from stopping to ask her the cause of her distress. "Sir," she replied, for she did not know the emperor, "I have been pillaged at my estate, two leagues from here, by a party of soldiers, who have murdered my gardener; I am going to seek your emperor, who knows my family, to whom he was once under great obligations." "What is your name?" inquired Napoleon. "De Bunny," replied the lady: I am the daughter of M. de Marbœuf, formerly governor of Corsica." "Madame," exclaimed Napoleon, "I am delighted to have the opportunity of serving you." The emperor showed every attention to Madame de Bunny. He consoled her, pitied her, and almost apologized for the misfortune she had sustained. "Will you have the goodness, Madame," said he, "to go and wait for me at my head-quarters? I will join you speedily; every member of M. de Marbœuf's family has a claim on my respect." The emperor immediately gave her a picquet of chasseurs of his guard to escort her. He saw her again during the day, when he loaded her with attentions, and liberally indemnified her for the losses she had sustained.

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NAPOLEON had no faith in medicine, or the efficacy of medical remedies. He spoke of medicine as an art entirely conjectural, and his opinion on this subject was fixed and incontrovertible. His vigorous mind rejected all but demonstrated proofs.

Napoleon had little memory for proper names: but he had a wonderful recollection of facts and places.

Napoleon had some singular habits; among them was one of seating himself on any table of a suitable height for him, and swinging his left leg while dictating to his officers.

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THE emperor directed particular attention to the improvement and embellishment of the markets of the capital. He used to say, "The market-place is the Louvre of the common people."

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THE coronation of Napoleon took place on the second December, 1804. Sixty thousand registers had been opened in different parts of France; at the offices of the ministry, the prefects, the mayors of the communes, notaries, solicitors, &c. France, at that time, contained one hundred and eight departments; and there were three millions, five hundred and seventy-five thousand, eight hundred and ninety-eight voters. Of these, only two thousand five hundred and sixty nine, voted against hereditary succession. Napoleon ordered a list of the persons who had voted against the question, to be sent him, and he often consulted it. They proved to be not royalists, but, for the most part, staunch republicans. Many deputies arrived, and with them a swarm of those presidents of cantons. They became the object of all sorts of witticisms and jests. The obligation of wearing swords, made their appearance very grotesque. Many droll stories were told of them. One of these anecdotes was so exceedingly ludicrous, that though it was probably a mere invention, yet it is well worth relating.

A certain number of these presidents were one day selected to be presented to the pope; and, as most of them were very poor, they found it necessary to combine economy with the etiquette necessary to be observed under the new order of things. To save the expense of hiring carriages, they therefore proceeded to the pavillon de Flore, on foot, taking the precaution of putting on gaiters, to preserve their white silk stockings from the mud, which covered the streets. On arriving at the Tuilleries, one of the party put his gaiters into his pocket. It happened that the pope delivered such an affecting address that all present were moved to tears, and the unfortunate president who had disposed of his gaiters in the way just mentioned, drew them out instead of his handkerchief, and smeared his face over with mud. Napoleon made Michot, the actor, relate it to the empress, one evening, after a court performance.

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At the time of the treaty of Tilsit, Napoleon wrote to the empress Josephine as follows: "The queen of Prussia is really a charming woman. She is fond of coquetting with me; but do not be jealous. I am like a cere cloth, along which everything of this sort slides, without penetrating. It would cost me too dear to play the gallant."

On this subject, an anecdote was related in the saloon of Josephine. It was said that the queen of Prussia one day had a beautiful rose in her hand, which the emperor asked her to give him. The queen hesitated for a few moments, and then presented it to him, saying, "Why should I so readily grant what you request, while you remain deaf to all my entreaties?" She alluded to the fortress of Magdenburg, which she had earnestly solicited.

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THE following prophetic remark, was made by M. Lemercier, in a conversation with Napoleon, a few days before the foundation of the empire: "If you make up the bed of the Bourbons, general, you will not lie in it ten years." Napoleon lay in it nine years and nine months.

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WHEN intelligence was brought to Napoleon that Marshal Lannes had just had his legs carried off by a cannon-shot, he was affected to tears at the news; and at the moment he was listening to the particulars of that sad event, he perceived a litter coming from the field of battle with Marshal Lannes stretched upon it. He ordered him to be carried to a retired spot, where they might be alone and uninterrupted. With his face bathed in tears, he approached and embraced his dying friend. Exhausted by the great loss of blood, Marshal Lannes said to him in broken accents—"Farewell, Sire; spare a life dear to all; and bestow a passing thought upon the memory of one of your best friends, who in two hours will be no more!" This deeply affecting scene created in the emperor a powerful emotion. The loss of Marshal Lannes was felt by the whole army, and completed the disasters of that fatal day. A few days after, the emperor was at the gates of Vienna; but, on this occasion, his access to the Austrian capital was not so easy as it had been rendered in 1805, by the ingenuity and courage of Lannes. The Archduke Maximilian, who was shut up in the capital, wished to defend it although the French army already occupied the principal suburbs. In vain were flags of truce sent one after the other to the archduke. They were not only dismissed unheard, but were even ill-treated, and one of them was almost killed by the populace. The city was then bombarded, and would speedily have been destroyed, but that the emperor being informed that one of the archduchesses remained in Vienna on account of ill-health, ordered the firing to cease. By a singular caprice of Napoleon's destiny, this archduchess was no other than Maria Louisa.

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JUNOT, said Napoleon, was one of the most extravagant of men. The sums given him almost exceeded belief, and yet he was always in debt; he had squandered treasures without credit to himself, without discernment or taste, and, too frequently, the emperor added, in gross debauchery.

He has been seen more than once after having taken a most copious and substantial breakfast, in his magnificent *hotel* at Paris, fired with anger at the most trifling demand made by the most insignificant creditor, to threaten to liquidate the debt with his sword. Every



time he saw the emperor, said Napoleon, it was to hint at some fresh embarrassment, be reprimanded and assisted. In the campaign of Austerlitz, he came to the emperor at Schoenbrunn; but this time, said Napoleon, it was not to intercede precisely for himself. He took at this period a most lively interest in the beautiful Madame Recamier. He had just arrived from Paris, and began his conversation with the emperor by a most virulent philippic against M. de Marbois, then minister of the treasury, who had been base enough, he said, to refuse M. Recamier a loan of only two millions, to save him from bankruptcy. All Paris was indignant. This Marbois, he added, was a wicked man, an unworthy servant, who did not love the emperor. He, Junot, had gone to him and had used every endeavour to persuade him, but to no purpose. He had represented to him the enormity of his conduct, and had assured him (and such added Junot was the general opinion in Paris), that if the emperor had been in the capital he would have immediately ordered the money to be given to M. Recamier. He was on a wrong scent, said the emperor, for I coolly replied to this passionate lover who was almost out of his senses; "You and Paris are both mistaken, I should not have ordered even two thousand *sous* to be given; and I should have been very much displeased with De Marbois if he had acted otherwise than he has done. I am not Madame Recamier's lover, and I do not come forward to the assistance of merchants who keep up an establishment of six hundred thousand francs per annum. Know that, M. Junot, and learn also, that the treasury does not lend money to those whom it knows to have been long since on the road to bankruptcy; it has other claims to satisfy. Junot," added the emperor, "was obliged to calm his emotion, thinking probably that there were hard-hearted people at Vienna as well as at Paris."

Junot travelled as fast as the emperor himself; he had his inn-relays, said Napoleon, hundreds of horses, and other extravagances of the kind.

The emperor added, that, not so much in his capacity as sovereign, but as being fond of Junot, and actuated also by a sort of feeling derived from the similarity of birth-place, he being also originally from Corsica, he had one day sent for Madame Junot in order to give her some paternal admonitions on the subject of the extravagance of her husband's expenditure, the profusion of diamonds which she herself had inconsiderately displayed after her return from Portugal, and her intimate connections with a certain foreigner, which might give umbrage in a political point of view, &c., &c. But she rejected this advice, dictated alone by concern for her interest. "She grew angry," said the emperor, "and treated me like a child; nothing then remained for me to do, but to send her about her business, and abandon her to her fate. She fan-

ced herself a princess of the family of the Commenes; and Junot had been made to believe it when he was induced to marry her. Her family was from Corsica, and resided in the neighbourhood of mine; they were under great obligations to my mother, not merely for her benevolence towards them, but for services of a more positive nature." The emperor then gave the following explanation:

"The Genoese, in evacuating the Morea, had formerly carried a colony of Muniotes to Corsica and settled them in the neighbourhood of Ajaccio. M. de Vergennes, while he was ambassador at Constantinople married a Greek woman; and on his return to France, being greatly in favour with Louis XVI., he took it into his head that he must have married a princess. It so happened that some political circumstances occurred to favour his wish; the downfall of Constantinople was believed in at that moment, and it would have suited France to advance some pretensions to a portion of that empire. A man of the name of Commene, a relation of Madame de Vergennes, was therefore sent for from the Greek colony near Ajaccio, and having been brought to Versailles was soon after by virtue of letters patent of Louis XVI., acknowledged a descendant from the emperors of Constantinople. This said Commene was a good farmer, whose sister had unexpectedly married, some years before, a Frenchman, a clerk in the victualling department named P——. After the elevation of the family, and through the interest of M. de Vergennes, this P——, clerk in the victualling department, had become a man of great consequence, having had the contract for supplying the whole army of Rochambeau. The daughter of the clerk was this very Madame Junot, duchess of Abrantes."

"Junot in the campaign of Russia gave me great cause of dissatisfaction," said the emperor; "he was no longer the same man, and committed some great errors which cost us dear."

After the return from Moscow, Junot, in consequence of the dissatisfaction he had given, lost the governorship of Paris; and the emperor sent him to Venice. However that species of disgrace was almost immediately softened, by his appointment as governor-general of Illyria; but the blow was struck. The frequent incoherences which had been observed in Junot's behaviour for some time past, and which had arisen from the excesses in which he had indulged, broke out at last into complete insanity. They were obliged to seize him, and convey him home to his paternal mansion, where he died miserably shortly after, having mutilated his person with his own hands.

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On the 2d of April, 1805, Napoleon, accompanied by the empress Josephine, left Paris for Milan, to go through the ceremony of

a second coronation. On arriving at Troyes, attended only by two or three officers, he visited Brienne. Here, among the scenes of his boyhood, he forgot, for twenty-four hours, the empire of France and the kingdom of Italy. He went over every place, and remembered every one connected with the military school, even to the old servants, whose visible decay in their advancing years affected him much.

The emperor Napoleon—after long absence, employed in rapidly alternating scenes of revolutions, wars, deep policies, enlarged designs, splendours, and triumphs, and now on his way to the assumption of a second regal diadem—visits the scenes of his early youth, and feels a saddened wonder at every trifling event and local change which has occurred to them during the same interval. The slight-limbed, spare-bodied, diminutive boy at Brienne, with lean and thoughtful face, and long straight hair, bearing—beneath a cold, uncommunicative, solitary habit and demeanour—the secret germ of fiery ardours and concentric will, presented the subject for a portrait such as rarely occurs to task the artist's hand; an adequate representation, perhaps, defying the powers of any single point of view, might have required the several labours of both painters and sculptors, more especially in latter years. Of the early periods, however, no sort of authentic likeness or sketch is probably extant; and we are, therefore, left to imagine from vague verbal accounts, and from subsequent portraiture, what the face and general expression must have been, of the youth who was destined to revolutionize the greater part of Europe and change the chronological emblems seated upon so many of her thrones. The next phase in the personal appearance of Napoleon, may be viewed with his first possession of command, and successful display of character and military genius and skill, at the siege of Toulon. We should think that figure in the engraving of "Batterie des Hommes sans Peur," must present a very close approximation to his external appearance at the time. This figure represents a slight, sharp-cut outline, hard as if shaped from steel—the attenuated bodily substance seeming almost as impermeable—with a set look of will, fixed in its view and purpose, as though it had settled into a metallic defiance of all possible consequences, and seeking by its very spirit (the passionate strength of self-deceiving mortality!) to overcome the destiny which is poured in a ball of death-shot upon the heads of all around, in their frightfully close opposition to the enemy's batteries. Again, we find a change in the personal appearance of Napoleon when he had become general of the army of Italy; but not so much in figure or face as in expression. To the cool self-possession, and settled purpose of look and bearing, for which he was previously remarkable, was added the ease, no less than the distant air of



habitual and unquestionable authority, in one who had ceased to lend his hand, except on extraordinary occasions, to the details of war, or open his mind to share its councils. But, without any essential change in physiognomical and general external appearance, a considerable difference, in a pictorial sense, was presented by Napoleon during the campaign in Egypt. Up to this time, he had worn his hair long, and, if we are to credit the various portraits, in loose ringlets or careless waves; but the terrible heat of the climate quickly warned him of the disadvantage as to comfort, besides the dangers of a brain fever, and his long locks were forthwith cut close to his head. He ever after wore his hair very short: its subsequent thin quantity, indeed, would lead us to conjecture that the influence of the climate of Egypt had rendered his future appearance, in this respect, involuntary. Napoleon was extremely spare-bodied and sinewy, up to about the age of five or six-and-thirty; but, after attaining the imperial dignity, his presentiment as to corpulency began to be realized. Notwithstanding this tendency, however, no less unfavourable to symmetry than health, his person was greatly admired by artists, as displaying many fine proportions, especially in the beauty of the hands, and the legs and feet. Of the fine classical character of his head and features, little need be said, as the pictures, and particularly the busts of him, may be considered sufficiently correct data for the studies of physiognomists, and for general judgment; there can be no doubt, however, of the truth of the statements of several who were long accustomed to be near him, under many extraordinary, no less than ordinary circumstances, that of the rapid versatility and marked characters of expression, no painter or sculptor could convey any adequate idea. But of his power, under peculiar circumstances, of "discharging all expression from his face," and thus presenting a pale and solemn blank to the scrutinizer, as of *something past*, an "unknown" sculptor from the antique would perhaps be the best comparison; while of his habitual, fixed calm, amidst great tumults, the mask, taken from his face after his death, may give, we should imagine, a tolerably correct impression; and one—by its countless associations, no less than its isolated fact—not easily to be forgotten.

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PROCEEDING to Lyons, the emperor and empress were received with all the magnificence that rich city, the trade of which had been raised by Napoleon from something like ruin, could display in their honour. At Turin, they were met by the pope, and remained there some days. They also rested for a short time at Alessandria; and, while there, Napoleon formed the resolution, which he afterwards carried into effect, to convert that city into a great military depot



and fortified place, of immense strength, for which its natural advantages afforded every facility. On the route to Milan, the emperor visited the field of battle on which he had re-conquered Italy five years before. He collected all the troops in that part of the country, to the number of thirty thousand, on the plain of Marengo, and appeared among them on horseback, in the same coat and hat which he had worn in the action, and which—with that strong tendency to experience pleasure in the association of memory, thought, and feeling, with visible and tangible objects, place and time, for which he was remarkable—he had brought from Paris for this express purpose. It was observed that the moths had paid no more respect to the dress thus suggestive of heroic deeds, than to any common-place garment, for it was musty and full of holes; but this did not prevent Napoleon from wearing it. He reviewed the troops, and distributed crosses of the legion of honour, with the same ceremonies which had been observed on the Champ de Mars, and the same return of enthusiastic devotion on the part of the troops. Fresh recollections of Desaix, the friend whom he had lost on this very spot, arose with the scene. He had already erected a monument in the hospital of the great St. Bernard, to the memory of the brave who fell at Marengo. He now resolved that the remains of Desaix should be carried to the same spot, and deposited beneath the monument, on the occasion of its solemn inauguration, which he intended should take place under the direction of Denon. He gave orders to this effect, and formed a small column of men, chosen from every regiment of Italy, together with a civil deputation of Italians, to carry the honoured remains from Milan to St. Bernard. Savary alone, to whom Napoleon had confided the charge of embalming the body, after the battle, knew where it had since remained; he, therefore, together with Denon, went to the monastery in Milan, which he well recollected, and where, in a sacristy, they found it, “in the same place,” says Savary, “and in the same state in which I had left it some years before, after having had it embalmed, then put into a leaden coffin, then into one of copper, and lastly the whole enclosed in a wooden one. Since that time, the remains of General Desaix have reposed on the summit of the Alps.”

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ON the 8th of May, the emperor made his third grand entry into Milan. He was received with acclamations, and the greatest demonstrations of joy. The first event of importance after his arrival was the incorporation of Genoa with the French empire, an enlargement of its territory which excited the indignation of all the hostile powers of the continent. This acquisition, like that of the crown of Italy, was made to appear a gift. A deputation, headed by Dur-

azzo, the Doge of Genoa, waited on Napoleon, with a request that he would incorporate the Ligurian republic with his empire. The political reasons by which he justified his acceptance of this *request*, will be found in portions of his reply: "The spread of liberal ideas could alone have given to your government that splendour which encircled it for many years; but I have already attained the conviction that you are unable, alone, to do anything worthy of your forefathers. Everything has changed; the new principles of the dominion of the seas which the English have adopted, and forced other nations to adopt; the right of blockade, which they are able to extend at their pleasure, and which is only another term for extinguishing at their will the commerce of all the people; these circumstances offer you nothing but isolation in your independence. Where maritime independence is no longer possessed by a commercial people, the necessity of ranging themselves under a more powerful flag commences. I will realize your wish. I will unite you with my great people." The union was immediately effected, and the Doge of Genoa became a Senator of France.

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THE coronation took place in the cathedral of Milan, (which owed its completion to Napoleon) on the 26th of May: Cardinal Daprara officiating on this occasion, as the emperor did not think fit to exact another act of condescension from the pope, to whom the near neighbourhood of so powerful a sovereign could not be a matter of gratulation. The iron crown of the Lombard kings was used on the occasion. Napoleon, as he had done at Paris, took it with his own hand from the altar, and, placing it on his head, uttered the appointed form of words with which it was always assumed by its ancient owners. "God has given it me; let him beware who would touch it." The order of the iron crown, with these words for its motto, arose out of this ceremony.

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THE emperor remained at Milan until the 10th of June; when (leaving Eugene Beauharnais, now his adopted son, as viceroy) he left the city, and, accompanied by the empress, proceeded to visit the principal scenes of his former triumphs in Italy. Marshal Jourdan, with forty thousand men, waited his arrival at the camp of Castiglione; and here he made another distribution of crosses of the legion of honour to that division of the army. Proceeding by Peschiera, Verona, and the impregnable Mantua, the emperor arrived at Bologna. Here the Marquis de Gallo met him, and made, on the part of Naples, fresh solicitations for a neutrality, and protestations of its strict observance. Here also the state of Lucca became, by

solicitation, an appendage to the imperial family. Napoleon gave it for sovereign, his eldest sister, the Princess Eliza, afterwards Grand Duchess of Tuscany. She was a woman of strong talents and great energy of disposition; considerably resembling her brother. She had offended him by marrying Bacciochi, a native of Corsica, and only a captain of artillery: but seeing the thing was done, Napoleon promoted her husband, and gave these extensive territories to his sister, to whom he well knew he might safely confide them. Bacciochi shared her honours, but without interfering with her authority. She is acknowledged to have governed both with vigour and beneficence, having carried out important improvements in works of utility, and encouraged education and the arts. She retained her sovereignty until the downfall of the empire. The chief accusations against her are, that she was too fond of luxury, and encouraged a plurality of lovers; so that she acquired the name of the "Semiramis of Lucca." After visiting Turin, where he organised the university, the emperor and empress turned towards France, and reached Fontainebleau on the 11th of July; whence they proceeded to Paris.

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"WHEN one of my ministry," said Napoleon, "or some other great personage had been guilty of a fault of so grave a nature, that it became absolutely necessary for me to be very angry, I always took care, in that case, to have a third person present to witness the scene that was to ensue; for it was a general maxim with me, that when I resolved to strike a blow, it must be felt by many at the same time. The immediate object of my resentment did not feel more incensed against me on that account; and the bystander, whose embarrassed appearance was highly ludicrous, did not fail to run and circulate, most discreetly, as far as he could, all that he had seen and heard. A salutary terror ran thus from vein to vein through the body social;—a new impulse was given to the march of affairs. I had less to punish, and a great deal of public good was obtained without inflicting much private hardship."

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NAPOLEON was not very partial to Madame de Stael. Speaking of her at one time, he said, "I do not like women, who make men of themselves, any more than I like effeminate men. There is a proper part for every one to play in the world. What does all this vagrancy of imagination mean? What is the result of it? Nothing! It is all sentimental metaphysics and disorder of the mind. I cannot endure that woman; for one reason, that I cannot bear women who make a set at me; and God knows how often she has tried to cajole me."



WHEN Napoleon was at Cutekie, in the midst of the desert, he said to Monge, his mathematician, "What do you think of all this, citizen Monge?" "Why, citizen general," answered Monge, "I think, if there are ever seen in this place as many equipages as at the opera-house, there must be some wonderful revolutions on the globe." Monge had a carriage with six horses on the spot. It was, unquestionably, the first of the kind that travelled over the desert, and accordingly it very much surprised the Arabs.

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ONE day, the counsellor of state, General Gassendi, taking part in the discussion of the moment, dwelt much upon the doctrines of economists. The emperor, who was much attached to his old artillery comrade, stopped him, saying, "My dear general, where did you gain all this knowledge? Where did you imbibe these principles?" Gassendi, who very seldom spoke in the council, after defending himself, driven into his last entrenchments, replied, that he had, after all, borrowed his opinions from Napoleon himself.—"How!" exclaimed the emperor, with warmth. "What do you say? Is it possible! From me, who have always thought, that if there existed a monarchy of granite, the chimeras of political economists would reduce it to powder." And after some other remarks, partly ironical and partly serious, he concluded:—"Go, general! You must have fallen asleep in your office, and have dreamed all this." Gassendi, who was rather irascible, replied, "Oh, as for falling asleep in your offices, Sire, I defy any one to do that with you—you plague us too much for that." All the council burst into a fit of laughter, and the emperor laughed louder than any one.

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THE clergy did not disappoint the expectations of the first consul. They owed him much already, and hoped for still more from him. The letter to the bishops, &c., was the signal for a number of communications, full of eulogies on Napoleon.

These compliments were far from displeasing the consul, who had no objection to flattery, though he despised those who merely made themselves the medium of conveying it to him. Duroc once said, that they had all great difficulty to preserve their gravity, when the Curé of a parish in Abbeville addressed Napoleon, one day while he was on a journey to the coast. "Religion," said the worthy Curé, with ludicrous solemnity, "owes to you all that she is; we owe to you all that we are; and I owe to you all that I am."

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“Poor Lannes,” said Napoleon, “had passed the night which preceded the battle, in Vienna, and not alone. He appeared on the field without having taken any food, and fought the whole day. The physician said that this triple concurrence of circumstances caused his death, he required a great deal of strength after the wound to enable him to bear it, and unfortunately nature was almost exhausted before.”

“It is generally said,” the emperor observed, “that there are certain wounds, to which death seems preferable; but this is very seldom the case, I assure you. It is at the moment we are going to part with existence that we cling to it with all our might. Lannes, the most courageous of men, deprived of both his legs, would not hear of death, and was irritated to that degree, that he declared that the two surgeons who attended him, deserved to be hanged for behaving so brutally towards a marshal. He had unfortunately over-heard them whisper to each other, as they thought without being heard, that it was impossible he could escape. Every moment the unfortunate Lannes called for the emperor; he twined himself round me,” said Napoleon, “with all he had left of life; he would hear of no one but me, he thought but of me, it was a kind of instinct! Undoubtedly he loved his wife and children better than me; yet he did not speak of them: it was he that protected them, whilst I on the contrary was his protector. I was for him something vague and undefined, a superior being, his providence, which he implored!”

Somebody then observed, that the world had spoken very differently on the subject; that it had been reported that Lannes had died like a maniac, vociferating imprecations against the emperor, at whom he seemed enraged; and it was added, that he had always had an aversion to the emperor, and had often manifested it to him with insolence. “What an absurdity,” said the emperor, “Lannes on the contrary adored me. He was assuredly one of the men on whom I could most implicitly rely. It is very true that in the impetuosity of his disposition he has sometimes suffered some hasty expressions against me to escape his lips, but he would probably have broken the head of any person who chanced to hear them.”

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WHEN Napoleon was in Syria, it was a settled opinion at Cairo, that he never would be seen there again, and he was troubled with the thievery and impudence of a little Chinese, who was one of his servants. He was a little deformed dwarf, whom Josephine once took a fancy to at Paris. He was the only Chinese in France, and was generally placed behind her carriage. She took him to Italy, but as he was in the constant habit of pilfering, she wished to get

rid of him. With that view, Napoleon put him on board of his Egyptian expedition. Egypt was a lift to him half way on his journey. This little monster was entrusted with the care of his cellar, and Napoleon had no sooner crossed the desert, than he sold, at a very low price, two thousand bottles of delicious claret. His only object was to make money, and he was convinced that Napoleon would never come back. He was not at all disconcerted at Napoleon's return, but went eagerly to meet him, and acquainted him, as he said, like a faithful servant, with the loss of his wine. The robbery was so glaring, that he was himself compelled to confess it. Napoleon was urged to have him hanged, but he contented himself with discharging and sending him to Suez, where he was at liberty to do what he pleased.

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A MAN by the name of Bottot, a private agent of Barras, was sent to Napoleon with secret instructions, to endeavour to penetrate his views, and ascertain why he had not sent the three millions of which the directory had stood so much in need? Bottot found the French general at Passeriano, and began to intrigue right and left with those who surrounded Napoleon; but he found every one warmly attached to the party that had triumphed; and, having some concerns of his own to arrange, he, at last, in the course of some private conversations, confessed the secret of his mission, and the vague suspicions entertained by the directory. He had been soon disabused by the appearance of simplicity which distinguished Napoleon's establishment, by the frankness of Napoleon himself, and above all, by the enthusiasm of the army, and of the whole of Italy, in favour of the general. But even if the suspicion of the directory had been founded, it would not have been difficult, with a few marks of attention, and some frank and unaffected conversations, to remove from Bottot's mind, surrounded as he then was, all cause of umbrage. He wrote to Paris that the fears that had been entertained were altogether groundless, and much less to be dreaded than the perverseness of those who wished to inspire them—but the three millions, it was objected to him, why were they refused? Napoleon had proved that the order sent by the directory was mysterious and irregular, and that, encompassed as it was by some rogues, who had already plundered the public treasure, he had thought it prudent to ascertain the truth; that he had immediately dispatched Lavalette, his confidential aide-de-camp, to Paris, and that as soon as Lavalette had informed him of the true state of affairs, he had prepared three millions, and was on the point of sending them when the fate of the day was decided.

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“MURAT” said Napoleón (at St. Helena) “determined the unfortunate events of 1814. He is one of the principal causes of our being here. But the fault is originally mine. There were several men whom I had made too great, I had raised them above the sphere of their intelligence. I was reading, some days since, his proclamation on abandoning the viceroy, which I had not seen before. It is difficult to conceive any thing disgraced by a greater degree of turpitude: he says in that document that the moment is come to choose between two banners, that of crime, or that of virtue. It is my banner which he calls the banner of crime! and it is Murat, my creature, the husband of my sister, the man who owed everything to me, who would have been nothing without me, who exists by me, and is known through me alone—it is Murat who writes this! It is impossible to desert the cause of misfortune with more unfeeling brutality, and to run with more unblushing baseness to hail a new destiny.”

From that moment, Madame (mother of the emperor) refused to have anything more to do with either Murat or his wife; to all their entreaties she invariably answered, that she held traitors and treachery in abhorrence. As soon as she was at Rome, after the disasters of 1814, Murat hastened to send her eight magnificent horses out of his stables at Naples; but Madame would not accept them. She resisted in like manner every effort of her daughter Caroline, who constantly repeated that, after all, the fault was not hers; that she had no share in it; that she could not command her husband. But Madame answered, like Clytemnestra,—“If you could not command him, you ought at least to oppose him:—but what struggles have you made? what blood has flown? At the expense of your own life you ought to have defended your brother, your benefactor, your master, against the sanguinary attempts of your husband.”

“On my return from Elba,” said the emperor, “Murat’s head was turned on hearing that I had landed in France. The first intelligence he received of this event informed him that I was at Lyons. He was accustomed to my great returns of fortune; he had more than once seen me placed in most extraordinary circumstances. On this occasion he thought me already master of all Europe, and determined to endeavour to wrest Italy from me; for that was his object, the aim of all his hopes. It was in vain that some men of the greatest influence amongst the nations which he attempted to excite to rebellion, threw themselves at his feet and assured him that he was mistaken; that the Italians had a king on whom alone they had bestowed their love and their esteem. Nothing could stop him; he lost himself, and contributed to lose us a second time; for Austria, supposing that he was acting at my instigation, would not be-



lieve my professions, and mistrusted me. Murat's unfortunate end corresponds with his conduct. Murat was endowed with extraordinary courage, and little intelligence. The too great disproportion between those two qualifications explains the man entirely. It was difficult, even impossible, to be more courageous than Murat and Lannes; but Murat had remained courageous and nothing more. The mind of Lannes, on the contrary, had risen to the level of his courage: he had become a giant. However," said the emperor, in ending the conversation, "the execution of Murat is nevertheless horrible. It is an event in the history of the morals of Europe; an infraction of the rules of public decorum. A king has caused another king, acknowledged by all the others, to be shot! What a spell he has broken!"

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NAPOLEON took great pleasure in dramatic performances. He liked to see plays acted by persons with whom he was familiar.

Lucien, at one time, invited Napoleon and all the inmates at Malmaison, to witness a theatrical representation. "Alzier" was the piece performed. Eliza played Alzier, and Lucien, Zamore. The warmth of their declarations, the energetic expression of their gestures, the too faithful nudity of costume, disgusted most of the spectators, and Napoleon more than any other. When the play was over, he was quite indignant. "It is a scandal," he said, in an angry tone; "I ought not to suffer such indecencies. I will give Lucien to understand that I will have no more of it."

When his brother had resumed his own dress, and came into the saloon, he addressed him publicly, and gave him to understand, that he must, for the future, desist from such representations. "What!" said he, "when I am endeavouring to restore purity of manners, my brother and sister must needs exhibit themselves upon a platform, almost in a state of nudity.—It is an insult."

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AFTER Napoleon's return from Elba, some grenadiers of the royal ex-volunteers, indulged in threats and imprecations against him. This was enough to terrify some of the alarmists of the court; and they requested Napoleon to mix a few battalions of his guards in the review, by way of precaution. The emperor rejected their entreaties, and was angry at their fears; nevertheless, they caused him to be attended, without his knowledge, by ten or a dozen grenadiers, who were directed not to lose sight of him for a moment.

While the emperor was walking his horse along the ranks, his escort had followed him without his paying any attention to it: but when he set off at a gallop, he perceived that his grenadiers were



galloping after him, and stopped. "What do you do there?" said he, to one of them. "Go about your business." The old grumbler (a nickname given by Napoleon to one of his old grenadiers), who knew that apprehensions were entertained for the life of his general, appeared disposed not to obey. The emperor then took hold of him by his hairy cap, and giving it a hearty shake, repeated with a smile, his order to him to retire. "Go all of you away. I am surrounded by none but good Frenchmen. I am safe with them as with you." The national guards, who heard these words, cried out, spontaneously, "Yes, yes, Sire, you are right; we would all defend your life at the expense of our own. Long live the nation! Long live the emperor!"

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NAPOLEON, in speaking of Gall, said, "He, and all who resemble him, had a great attachment to materialism, which was calculated to strengthen their theory and influence. But nature is not so barren. Were she so clumsy as to make herself known by external forms, we should go to work more promptly and acquire a greater degree of knowledge. Her secrets are more subtle, more delicate, more evanescent, and have hitherto escaped the most minute researches. We find a great genius in a hunchback, and a man with a fine commanding person, turns out to be a stupid fellow. A big head with a large brain is sometimes destitute of a single idea, while a small brain is found to possess a vast understanding. And observe the imbecility of Gall. He attributes to certain protuberances, propensities and crimes which are not inherent in nature, which arise solely from society and the compact of mankind. What becomes of the protuberance denoting thievery, where there is no property to steal;—of that indicating drunkenness, where there is no fermented liquors; and of that characterising ambition, where there is no social establishment?"

"The same remarks apply to that egregious character, LAVATER, with his physical and moral relations. Our credulity lies in the defect of our nature. It is inherent in us to wish for the acquisition of positive ideas, when we ought, on the contrary, to be carefully on our guard against them. We scarcely look at a man's features, before we undertake to ascertain his character. We should be wise enough to repel the idea, and to neutralize those deceitful appearances. I was robbed by a person who had gray eyes, and from that moment am I never to look at gray eyes without the idea of the fear of being robbed? It was a weapon that wounded me, and of that I am apprehensive wherever I see it; but was it the gray eyes that robbed me? Reason and experience, and I have been enabled to derive great benefit from both, prove, that we cannot be too strictly

on our guard against them; and that the only true way of appreciating and gaining a thorough knowledge of mankind is by trying and associating with them. After all, we meet with countenances so hideous, it must be allowed that the most powerful understanding is confounded, and condemns them in spite of itself."

ON the same day that Napoleon was to have been assassinated by a young man from Schwerin, a German officer who was in the French army, came accidentally with a despatch to the emperor. After he had made his report, Napoleon asked the officer, who spoke with a foreign accent, from what country he was. "I am from —— Sire," replied he.

*Napoleon.* "From ——? Then you may speak with your countryman, who had the intention of sending me to-day to the world to come. Do you know him or his family?"

*Officer.* "I know neither him nor his family, nor have I ever heard his name, and as I hear he is from —— he is consequently not my countryman."

*Napoleon.* "Well, you do not want to have it said that one of your countrymen has made a fool of himself, and you are right; but when you write home, you may tell your friends that I am not displeased with the people of —— on account of this business, that, on the contrary, I love ——, and that this poor town shall be restored to its former flourishing state. The university shall rise, there is room for 3,000 students, and in the citadel I will found a military academy for my German subjects. But how did you get among the Poles?"

*Officer.* "I was in O——'s corps, but, to serve immediately under the eye of your majesty, I obtained my discharge, and went into the third regiment of *chasseurs*, whence I was removed to the Polish light horse, and had the good luck to be made adjutant of a brigade."

*Napoleon.* "Do you like the Polish army?"

*Officer.* "So well that I would not like to leave it."

*Napoleon.* "I am glad of it, and I believe that every one of my soldiers thinks the same; I am certain that the Poles do; but will you do nothing for your countryman?"

*Officer.* "Not that I know, Sire!"

*Napoleon.* "Well, go and see him, and tell him that I pardon his folly, and that I will restore him to liberty as soon as he shall have recovered his senses."

The officer went to the young man, who received him very coolly. He introduced himself as his countryman, and informed him of the intention of the emperor. The young man showed neither joy nor sadness, thanked the officer for the trouble he had taken, and observ-

ed that he was determined to kill Napoleon, and that if he was really to set him free, he would, notwithstanding, seize every opportunity to effect his purpose. That he would please to bring this answer to Napoleon. "That death was perfectly familiar to him, and that he would only request him that on writing home, he would send his love to his parents and request them to pardon his deed. That he had had a call from the Lord, who had also revealed his fate to him."

All this was reported by the officer, and Napoleon expressed his displeasure in the following manner. "It is rare for any one to refuse such mercy; I am sorry for this young enthusiast, but what else can I do but leave him to his fate, obstinate as he is. This man is either a great man or a great fool."

Two days after this conversation he was shot, without the emperor having heard any thing more about it.

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As little as Bonaparte troubled himself about any particular religion, yet he was too much of a statesman not to see that religion was a powerful lever in the hands of government, and served to quiet and direct the minds of the people. With this view he favoured the election of the bishop of Tmol, whose acquaintance he had made in Italy, and who ascended the papal throne as his protégée, on the 9th March, 1800. This was the same Pope Pius VII. with whom he afterwards concluded the concordat.

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"SOME time before my coronation," says Napoleon, "the pope wanted to speak to me in person, and insisted upon coming to see me himself. He had made many concessions. He had come to Paris to crown me; had given up his right to place, himself, the crown on my head; had discharged me from publicly taking the sacrament, immediately before the ceremony; according to his own opinion he had great rewards to expect for this condescension; in the beginning he had dreamed of *Romagna*, of Legations, &c., but after some ill received attempts he commenced to think that he would have to do without all these things. He now limited his demands to a very trifling favour, as he called it, which consisted in putting my signature to an old document, a worn out rag, which his predecessors had received from Louis XIV. 'Do me this favour,' said he; "—— it is of no importance.' 'With pleasure, dearest father, shall it be done, if it is practicable.' Now this worn out rag was a declaration by which Louis XIV., towards the end of his life, overcome by the pressing solicitation of Madame de Maintenon, or persuaded by his confessors, had disapproved of the articles of 1682,



the fundamental principles of the celebrated liberties of the Gallican church. I read the paper, and said ironically to Pius VII., that as far as he was concerned, I had no personal objection, but that for the sake of order, it would be as well to hear the opinions of the bishops, and of the council; to which the pope repeatedly replied that this was not at all necessary, that the matter did not deserve so much consideration. 'I shall never produce this signature,' added he, 'just as little as that of Louis has been produced.' 'But if it is so unimportant, why then my signature? and if the matter is important, I must absolutely consult the doctors.' This was not to be contradicted, and, confused and ashamed, he pressed the matter no further."

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THE pope had dispensed with the public communion in Napoleon's favour. He also held a congregation of cardinals for the purpose of settling the ceremonial. The greater number warmly insisted upon his taking the communion in public, asserting the great influence of the example on the people, and the necessity of his holding it out. The pope, on the contrary, fearful lest Napoleon should fulfil that duty as if he were going through one of the articles of M. de Segur's programme, looked upon it as a sacrilege, and was inflexible in opposing it. "Napoleon," he observed, "is not perhaps a believer; the time will, no doubt, come, in which his faith will be established, and, in the meantime, let us not burthen his conscience or our own."

Napoleon often conversed with the pope about religion in a pleasant and friendly manner. His influence over the pope was such, that he drew from him, by the mere power of his conversation, the famous concordat of Fontainebleau, in which he renounced the temporal sovereignty, an act, on account of which, he has since shown that he dreaded the judgment of posterity.

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AT a skirmish, near Poserna, Marshal Bessieres, who was the leader of Napoleon's household troops, from the time they bore the humble name of Guides, until now that they were the Imperial Guard, and he their colonel-general, coming up to see how the action went, was killed by a cannon-shot. His body was covered with a white sheet, and the loss concealed as long as possible from the guards, who were much attached to him. Upon a former occasion, when his horse was killed, Napoleon told him he was obliged to the bullet for making it known to him how much he was beloved, since the whole guard had wept for him. His time was, however, now come. He was sincerely lamented by Napoleon, who was thus,



when the world was going harder against him than formerly, deprived of an early and attached follower.

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“WHEN the Italian army was encamped in the vicinity of swamps,” said Napoleon, “many suffered by fever, while I had not any complaint, as I observed temperance, and generally abstemious balancing between my appetite and the powers of my digestive organs. I had, at the same time, exercise sufficient, both of the body and the mind. On my return from Egypt, I was very thin, and, at that time, subject to a bad cough. For my recovery I was indebted to doctor Corvesart, who blistered me twice on the chest. At the siege of Toulon, I commanded a small battery of two guns. One of the English boats approached close to the shore, and firing their gun, killed two cannoneers by my side. I seized a ram-rod when it fell from the dead soldier’s warm hand. The man, as it happened, was diseased; and I found myself in a very few days suffering under an inveterate itch. I had recourse to baths for a cure, and that time succeeded. Five years after, I had a return of the same complaint with increased violence, and I presume it had lurked in my blood during the whole interval — of that I was shortly cured, and have never had any return.”

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NAPOLEON used to call Moreau “the retreating general,” and some of the troops in Napoleon’s army seemed to imbibe similar notions with regard to their general’s rival. In this case, when a soldier became transferred from the army of Napoleon to that of Moreau, very much against his will, he appeared in the ranks with his coat buttoned behind him, declaring that he had always been trained to show his front to the enemy.

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NAPOLEON, on his return from the Russian campaign, was so struck by the courage and strength of mind displayed by Ney, that he created him “Prince of the Moskowa;” and he was often heard to say, “I have two hundred millions in my coffers, and I would give them all for Ney.”

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IN conversation upon artillery, Napoleon said, that in general the artillery did not fire sufficiently in a battle. The principal consideration in war is, that there should be no want of ammunition. When there is an actual scarcity, of course that forms an exception; but in every other case, it is necessary to fire incessantly. Napoleon,

who had himself often been nearly killed by spent balls, and who knew how important such an event would have been to the fate of the battle or the campaign, maintained the propriety of firing continually, without calculating expense. Moreover, he said, that if he wished to avoid the post of danger, he would station himself at the distance of 300 toises, rather than at 600. At the first mentioned point, the balls frequently pass over the head; but at the latter, they must fall somewhere or other.

He remarked that it was impossible to make artillery fire on masses of infantry, when they were themselves assailed by an opposite battery. "This arises from natural cowardice," said he, good-humouredly,—“from the irresistible instinct of self-preservation.” An artillery officer who was among us, protested against this observation. "It is nevertheless true," continued the emperor. "You immediately stand on your guard against the enemy who attacks you. You seek to destroy him lest he should destroy you. You often relinquish your firing, that he may cease to harrass you, and direct his charge against the masses of infantry, who are of much greater importance to the fate of the battle."

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NAPOLEON, immediately after meeting Maria Louisa, from Vienna, inquired what directions she had received from her illustrious relatives with regard to him, personally. "To be entirely devoted to you, and to obey you in all things," was the reply.

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NAPOLEON and Maria Louisa returning from their journey in Holland, arrived at Gevet on the Meuse, where several hundred were at that time assembled. A sudden storm arose; there was a heavy fall of rain, the river overflowed its banks, and the pontoon bridge was broken and rendered impassable. However, the emperor, anxious to continue his journey, and not being in the habit of thinking anything impossible, resolved to cross the river at all hazards. All the boatmen in the neighbourhood were collected together, but not one would attempt to cross. "However," said Napoleon, "I am determined to be on the other side of the river before noon." He immediately ordered some of the principal English prisoners to be brought to him. "Are there many of you here?" said he; "and are there any sailors among you?" "There are 500 of us, and we are all seamen," was the reply. "Well, I want to know, whether you think it possible to cross the river, and whether you will undertake to convey me to the opposite bank?" It was acknowledged to be a hazardous attempt; but some of the veterans undertook to accomplish it. Napoleon got into the boat with a de-

gree of confidence that was truly surprising; and he reached the opposite bank in safety. He heartily thanked those who had rendered him this act of service, and ordered that they should be provided with new clothes; to this he added a pecuniary present, and granted them their liberty.

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In the course of the action, at the battle of Montereau, Napoleon returned to his old profession of an artillery-man, and pointed several guns himself, to the great delight of the soldiers. They trembled, however, when the fire attracted the attention of the enemy, whose balls began to be aimed at the French battery. "Go, my children," said the emperor, ridiculing their apprehensions; "the ball is not cast that is to kill me."

Having taken the place by storm, Napoleon, dissatisfied with the number of men he had lost, loaded with reproaches some of his best officers. Montbrun was censured for want of energy, and Digeon for the scarcity of ammunition with which the artillery was served; but it was chiefly on Victor, the duke of Belluno, that his resentment discharged itself. He imputed to him negligence, in not having attacked Montereau on the day before the action, when it was unprovided for resistance; and he ordered him to retire from the service. The mareschal endeavoured to obtain a hearing in his own defence, but for some time could not succeed in checking the stream of reproaches. At length they were softened into a charge of broken health, and the love of repose, incident to wounds and infirmities. "The best bed," said the emperor, "which the quarters afford, must now be sought out for the once indefatigable Victor!" The mareschal felt the charge more severely in proportion as it became moderated within what was probably the bounds of truth; but he would not consent to quit the service.

"I have not," he said, "forgot my original trade. I will take a musket. Victor will become a private in the guard." Napoleon could not resist this mark of attachment. He held out his hand—"let us be friends," he replied. "I cannot restore you to your corps d'armée, which I have given to Gerard, but I will place you at the head of two divisions of the guard. Go, assume your command, and let there be no more of this matter betwixt us."

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GENERAL LAMARQUE had been very much attached to Moreau, and had for a long time served under him. Speaking of the different tactics of Moreau and Napoleon, he said:—"Had their two armies been in presence, and there had been sufficient time to move, I would have entered the ranks of Moreau, which were sure to be



managed with the utmost regularity, precision, and calculation; on these points it was impossible to excel, or even to equal Moreau. But if the two armies had approached within a hundred leagues of each other, the emperor would have routed the enemy three, four, or five times over, before the latter could have had time to reconnoitre his forces."

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THE celebrated Madame V——— was long endeavouring to seek the attention of Napoleon, but tired with losing her time, she lowered her pretensions to Berthier, who, from the first instant, lived but for her. The commander-in-chief made him a present one day of a magnificent diamond, worth more than one hundred thousand francs. "Here," said he, "take that, we often play high, lay it up against a rainy day." Four-and-twenty hours had scarcely elapsed, when Madame Bonaparte came to tell her husband of a diamond which was the subject of her admiration; it was the present that was to have been laid up against a rainy day, which had already found its way from Berthier's hand to Madame V———'s head. He has since, in all the circumstances of his life, been uniformly governed by her.

Napoleon having gradually heaped riches and honours upon Berthier, pressed him often to marry, but he as constantly refused, declaring that Madame V——— could alone make him happy. The son, however, of Madame V——— having got acquainted with a duchess of Bavaria, who had come to Paris, with the hope of obtaining a husband, through the emperor's favour, Madame V——— thought she was doing wonders, and advancing her son's fortune by the marriage of her lover, and with this impression, she prevailed upon Berthier to espouse the Bavarian princess. "But," said Napoleon, "there is no project, however excellent, which does not become the sport of fortune; for scarcely was the marriage concluded, when Madame V———'s husband died and left his wife at liberty. That event proved to her and to Berthier the source of real despair; they were inconsolable. Berthier came, with tears in his eyes, to communicate his wretched fate to the emperor, who laughed at his misfortune. "To what a miserable condition," he exclaimed, "was he reduced; with a little more constancy Madame V——— might have been his wife."

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A YOUNG man had been fortunate enough when yet very young to attract the emperor's notice, by some signal proofs of his devotedness; Napoleon asked him what profession he would wish to embrace, and without waiting for his answer, pointed out one himself; the



young man observed that his fathers' fortune was not sufficient to allow him to follow it; "what has that to do with it," replied the emperor, hastily, "am I not also your father?"

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NAPOLEON, after his return from the army of Italy, found himself, without knowing why, the object of the particular assiduity, the marked attentions and flatteries of the Director, La Reveillere, who asked him one day to dine with him, strictly *en famille*, in order, he said, to be more at liberty to converse together. The young general accepted the invitation, and found, as he had promised, nobody present but the Director, his wife, and his daughter, who by the way, the emperor added, were three sarragoes of ugliness. After the dessert, the two ladies retired, and the conversation took a serious turn. La Reveillere descanted at length upon the disadvantages of our religion, upon the necessity, however, of having one, and extolled and enumerated the advantages of the religion which he wanted to establish, the Theophilanthropy. I was beginning to find the conversation rather long and heavy, said the emperor, when on a sudden, La Reveillere, rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction, said to me affectedly, and with an arch look: "How valuable the acquisition of a man like you would be to us—what advantage, what weight would be derived from your name—and how glorious that circumstance would be to you! Now what do you think of it?" The young general was far from expecting to receive such a proposal; however, he replied with humility, that he did not think himself worthy of such an honour; and his principles being, when treading an obscure path, to follow the track of those who had preceded him in it, he was resolved to act on the article of religion, as his father and mother had done. This positive answer convinced the high priest that nothing was to be done; he did not insist, but from that moment there was an end of all his attentions and flatteries towards the young general.

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NAPOLEON was peculiarly fond, and frequently called for masked balls. He was then always sure of a certain rendezvous which never failed to take place. He was, it was said, regularly accosted, every year, by the same mask, who reminded him of old intimacies, and ardently entreated to be received and admitted at court. The mask was a most amiable, kind, and beautiful woman, to whom many persons were certainly much indebted. The emperor, who continued to love her, always answered: "I do not deny that you are charming, but reflect a little upon your situation; be your own judge and decide.—You have two or three husbands, and children by several of your lovers.—It would have been thought a happiness

to have shared in the first fault; the second would have caused pain, but still it might be pardoned; but the sequel—and then, and then! . . . Be the emperor and judge; what would you do in my place, I who am bound to revive and maintain a certain decorum.” The beautiful suitor either did not reply, or said:—“At least do not deprive me of hope;” and deferred her claims of happiness to the following year.

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NAPOLEON took great pleasure in getting himself insulted at masked balls. He laughed heartily at Cambacérés, one day, at being told by a Madame de St. D——, “that there were people at the ball who ought to be turned out, and that they certainly could not have got admittance without stolen tickets.” Another time, he forced the tender and timid Madame de Mégrigny to rise and retire in anger, and with tears in her eyes, complaining that the freedom allowed at a masked ball, had, in her instance, been sadly abused. The emperor had just put her in mind of a very remarkable favour, which he had formerly granted to her, and added, “that every one thought she had paid for it by the exercise of the lord’s right.” But, although such was actually the report, it was certainly a falsehood. The following is an account of the circumstance:—

When Napoleon was on his way to be crowned at Milan, he slept at Troyes. The authorities were presented to him; and with them was a young lady, on the point of being married, with a petition, entreating his protection and assistance. As the emperor was, besides, desirous of doing something, which might produce a good effect, and prove agreeable to the country; the circumstance appeared favourable, and he took advantage of it with all imaginable grace. The young lady (Madame de Mégrigny) belonged to the first families of this province, but which had been completely ruined by the emigration. She had scarcely returned to the miserable abode of her parents, when a page arrived with the emperor’s decree, which put them in possession of 30,000 francs rent or more. The effect of such a proceeding may be well imagined. However, as the young lady was very charming, and perfectly handsome, it was decided, that her fascinations had some share in his gallantry, although he left the town a few hours afterwards, and never thought more of the thing, but the general opinion was not a jot altered on that account.

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ON Napoleon’s return from the disastrous campaigns of Leipsic, the emperor received the officers of his household at an unusual hour. He presented himself with an air of melancholy. Stepping up to an

individual, M. de Beauvea, whose son, yet a youth, had served in the campaign, in the guard of honour, Napoleon said to him: "Your son's conduct has been admirable. He has conferred honour on his name. He has been wounded; but what of that? He may proudly boast of having, thus early, shed his blood for his country."

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NAPOLEON was in the habit of taking snuff almost every minute. This was a sort of mania which seized him chiefly during intervals of abstraction. His snuff-box was speedily emptied, but still he continued to thrust his fingers into it, or to raise it to his nose, particularly when he was himself speaking. Those chamberlains who proved themselves most expert and assiduous in the discharge of their duties, would frequently endeavour, unobserved by the emperor, to take away the empty box and substitute a full one in its stead; for there existed a great competition of attention and courtesy among the chamberlains who were habitually employed in services about the emperor's person; an honour which was very much envied. These individuals were, however, seldom changed; either because they intrigued to retain their places, or because it was naturally most agreeable to the emperor to continue them in posts, with the duties of which they were acquainted.

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ONE of Napoleon's chamberlains having observed, that the emperor, on going to the theatre, frequently forgot his opera-glass, of which he made very great use, got one made exactly like it, so that the first time he saw the emperor without his glass, he presented his own to him, and the difference was not observed. On his return from the theatre, the emperor was not a little surprised to find that he had got two glasses exactly alike. Next day he inquired how the new opera-glass had made its appearance, and the chamberlain replied that it was one he kept in reserve in case it might be wanted. Napoleon always showed himself very sensible of these attentions. He evinced sincere regard for the individuals of his household. When he quitted Paris for St. Cloud, Malmaison, or any other of his country residences, he usually invited the individuals of his household to his private evening parties; and thus was formed a pleasant family circle, admittance to which was held to be a very high honour.

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ONE day, while at dinner at Trianon, being troubled with a severe cold in his head, a complaint to which he was very subject, he found himself in want of a handkerchief; the servants immediately ran to



fetch one: but, in the meanwhile, the chamberlain on duty, who was a relation of Maria Louisa, drew a clean one, unfolded, from his pocket, and wished to take the other from the emperor. "I thank you," said Napoleon; "but I will never have it said, that I allowed M—— to touch a handkerchief which I had used;" and he threw it on the ground.

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NAPOLEON, one day, while describing one of his engagements in Egypt, named, numerically, the eight or ten demi-brigades which had been engaged. Upon being asked how, after so long a lapse of time, he could possibly recollect all these numbers. "This is a lover's recollection of his former mistresses," was his reply.

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AT Mont Saint-Michael, a woman particularly attracted Napoleon's attention. She had a very pretty face, pleasing manners, and a modest deportment. She had been imprisoned fourteen years, having taken a very active part in the troubles of La Vendée, and constantly accompanied her husband, who was the chief of a battalion of insurgents, and whom she succeeded, after his death, in the command. The wretchedness she suffered, and the tears she shed, had sensibly impaired her charms. She had, by the kindness of her manners and her other qualifications, created a kind of empire over the vulgar and depraved women that were about her. She had devoted herself to the care of the sick; the prison infirmary was entrusted to her, and she was beloved by every one. With the exception of that woman, a few priests, and two or three old Chouan spies, the rest exhibited but a filthy compound of disgusting or extravagant depravity.

Napoleon met also with a married man, with an annual income of 15,000 livres, evidently confined in consequence of his wife's intrigues, after the manner of the ancient *letters de cachet*; and with prostitutes, who assured him they were detained, not as a punishment for the indiscriminate profusion of their favours, but out of spite, for want of complaisance for a single person. Finally, he met with an unhappy man, in a town of Belgium, who had married one of those girls for whom the municipalities provided marriage portions on great occasions. He was imprisoned for having stolen the portion, because he had neglected to earn it. He was positively required to acquit himself of that important debt, and he as positively refused. He was, perhaps, required to do that which was not in his power.

Immediately upon the return of Napoleon to Paris, he called on M. Réal, prefect of police of the district he had just revisited, and



communicated, in a *friendly* manner, the result of his observations. M. Réal thanked Napoleon, observing, that he was doing him a real service, and assured him, that he would take immediate steps for relieving and redressing the cases he had laid before him.

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THE following is a proof of the ascendancy which Napoleon could exercise over the human mind, and the sort of veneration with which he was regarded. A general, who had been severely wounded in the leg, attended one of the emperor's levees. Napoleon had been informed that amputation was pronounced to be absolutely indispensable, but that the unfortunate officer obstinately refused to submit to it. "Why do you object to an operation that will preserve your life?" said Napoleon. "It cannot be want of courage, since you have so often braved danger on the field of battle. Is it contempt of life? but does not your heart tell you, that even with the remaining limb, you may be useful to your country, and render her signal services?" The officer was silent; the expression of his countenance was calm and placid, but still negative. The emperor seemed sorry for him, and passed on to speak to some other persons, when the officer, who had apparently formed a sudden resolution, turned to the emperor, saying, "Sire, if your majesty orders me to submit to the operation, I will immediately do so." "My dear sir," replied the emperor, "I have no power to do that. I wished to move you by persuasion; but heaven forbid I should command you!" It was said that the wounded officer on leaving the palace, submitted to the operation.

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DURING the battle of Arcis, the French cavalry had orders to attack the light troops of the allies; but these were instantly supported by whole regiments, and by cannon, so that the attack was unsuccessful; and the squadrons of the French were repulsed and driven back on Arcis, at a moment, when, from the impediments in the town and its environs, the infantry could, with difficulty, *de bouche* from the town to support them. Napoleon showed, as he always did in extremity, the same heroic courage which he had exhibited at Lodi and Brienne. He drew his sword, threw himself among the broken cavalry, called on them to remember their former victories, and checked the enemy, by an impetuous charge, in which he and his staff-officers fought hand to hand with their opponents, so that he was in personal danger from the lance of a Cossac, the thrust of which was averted by his aide-de-camp, Girardin. His Mameluke, Rustan, fought stoutly by his side, and received a gratuity for his bravery. Arcis itself was set on fire by the shells of the assailants,

and night alone separated the combatants, by inducing the allies to desist from the attack.

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NAPOLEON, when at Saint Helena, said, "when I acquired the supreme direction of affairs, it was wished that I might become a Washington. Words cost nothing; and, no doubt, those who were so ready to express the wish, did so without any knowledge of times, places, persons, or things. Had I been in America, I would willingly have been a Washington, and I should have had little merit in so being; for I do not see how I could reasonably have acted otherwise. But had Washington been in France, exposed to disorder within, and invasion without, I would have defied him to have been what he was in America; at least, he would have been a fool to attempt it, and would only have prolonged the existence of evil."

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THE following account of Napoleon in his childhood, was given by his mother:—"One night—one night—he was between eight and nine years of age, I think—he was walking in our garden like a man who is meditating some great thing; he was a child then, I tell you. It was raining violently: his brothers had sought shelter in the saloon, where they were playing. I knocked at the window several times, and made him signs to come to me. He shrugged his shoulders, with an appearance of ill-humour, and continued his walk. He was drenched with the rain, but he did not mind the storm, and continued his walk, with his head uncovered, and his eyes fixed on the ground. Sometimes he stopped before the little fountain in the garden, and appeared to delight in seeing it run, and to arrest its precipitancy with his hand. Some claps of thunder were heard, which caused him a nervous shudder, but it was not fear. He then crossed his arms over his chest, and looked at the heavens, courageously waiting for another peal of thunder. I sent my servant to order him to come in. He said to him with coldness, but respectfully, 'Tell my mother that it is warm, and I am taking an airing.' When the servant again entreated, he precipitately turned his back on him, and accelerated his step. It was only when the storm had ceased that he came in, wet to the skin.

"'That was not right, my child,' I said to him; 'you have disobeyed me.'

"'I could not help disobeying,' he answered; 'I do not know what kept me in that garden; but, if I am to be a soldier, I must accustom myself to rain and to storms. I am not a girl, I am a man.'

"'You are a child, my son, and a disobedient child. If you

intend to be a soldier, you will learn that it is necessary for you to obey.’

“‘But I will command,’ said he, with an expression that much excited our risible faculties.

“‘Before you command,’ I replied, ‘you will be compelled to obey, and for a long time. When you enter the service you will not be made a general.’

“He advanced towards me, took my hand in his, and pressed it, thus tacitly acknowledging that I was right, but not willing to confess it. Already, at that age, he was so proud!

“‘What were you thinking about during your walk?’ I said to him, whilst I pressed my lips to his wet hair.

“‘I do not know; I do not remember. I was thinking of a great many things. Ah! I was endeavouring to recollect a dream I had last night—a dream that pleased me very much. I dreamed that I was a bishop; that is grand, is it not, a bishop? Do bishops go to the wars?’

“‘No, my child, that is expressly forbidden them.’

“‘Then I will be a soldier when I am no longer a child. At fifteen you are no longer a child; are you, mother?’

“‘I think you are something of a child still.’

“He paused for a few moments, and, looking on the ground, he said—

“‘At fifteen *I* will be a man.’

“He then extricated himself from my arms, and ran into the garden.”

AFTER Napoleon’s marriage with the princess of Austria, on which occasion the inhabitants of every town and every village of France, and of the countries then under the French government, had illuminated, Napoleon read the newspapers, and was arrested by the many congratulations which had been set forth in transparencies. In a paper from E——, a town which had formerly belonged to Prussia, he found the following paragraph:

“A formerly Prussian; now French Accisa officer, who had twelve children, had a beautiful transparency, with the following words,—

‘Napoleon and Louisa fair,  
How happy is the lovely pair!  
May heaven to them as many children give,  
As in this house of mine so happy live!’”

This wish amazed Napoleon much, and he said in great good humour: “A beautiful wish—it can be easily seen that it comes



from a Prussian, a Frenchman could have never thought of wishing me twelve children."

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WHEN prince Poniasowski had found his grave with many brave Poles in the river Pleusze, no one was willing to bring the intelligence of this so irreparable loss for the army, to Napoleon, and the day passed away in preparing him for this painful event. Not until the following day was he made acquainted with it. After a long pause, which he spent in perfect silence, he said, much moved: "The brave prince. If I was not at this moment so necessary to France, my death could be more welcome to me than this intelligence; I loved him much, he was good and brave; yet his loss would not affect me, as it does, if he had breathed the last of his heroic life amid the swords of the enemy; but to be drowned in this cursed brook! this hero had deserved a better death." Napoleon's mind had been so much disturbed by the death of the prince, that he spent nearly the whole of the day in a pensive state, and he has certainly long mourned over his loss with the most painful feelings of a friend.

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DURING the retreat from Moscow, Napoleon saw a very splendid state carriage, drawn by four miserable Russian horses, at a short distance before him on the road; he soon overtook it. The wagon was exceedingly tastely and quite new. On each of the horses sat a foot soldier, his gun strapped on his back, and flourishing in his hand a *kantshoe*.\* Napoleon asked the one who was nearest to him, who was in the carriage. The answer was: "It is our comrade, Corporal L——.; his leg has been amputated at Masoisle, and he was sent to Moscow, whence we are going to take him home. The wagon we have appropriated in Moscow." Napoleon, who was much pleased to see this carriage and its drivers, praised their affection for their comrade, and ordered a bottle of wine to be given to the latter.

It is worth while to observe here that these people belonged to the 19th regiment of light infantry, and that their regiment had been almost entirely destroyed, so that, when near Moscow, it consisted only of a few men, and like many other regiments, who had met with a similar fate, it dispersed entirely. Their corporal they transported, although not in a state carriage, but on a miserable sleigh, as far as Marienburg, where, to their great mortification, he fell sick, and died in the hospital of the same place. These brave soldiers had deserved to be rewarded by the safe arrival of their comrade in his native country.

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\* *Kantshoe*, a whip.



IN one of the campaigns of Italy, when Napoleon was yet a general, a mounted rifleman saved him if not from death at least from being a prisoner. Napoleon was surrounded by a strong detachment of Austrians, who no doubt would have taken him prisoner, if a rifleman had not perceived the danger which threatened his general, and had delivered him from his awkward situation. As early as this, Napoleon was in the habit of rewarding every brave man according to merit, and this rifleman was made a non-commissioned officer, though he could neither read nor write; he afterwards never learnt any more than to write his name. This non-commissioned officer, an eventually brave soldier, after this campaign in Italy, was present at most of the later campaigns, constantly distinguishing himself by his heroic bravery, and as this happened several times in the presence of Napoleon, he gradually advanced to the rank of major in the crack corps of the mounted grenadiers of the guards.

When the old French guards were disbanded, he was removed with the same rank to the 6th regiment of Cuirassiers, in which he served till the arrival of the emperor in France. As soon as he learned the news of the arrival of Napoleon, he hurried to be one of the first of his guard to salute him on his arrival, and he was immediately appointed major general in the suite of Napoleon.

During the battle of Waterloo this old brave warrior fought where the danger was the greatest, and was every where rousing the almost discouraged soldiers to perseverance; no where did he make the attempt in vain. But when the battle was irretrievably lost, he hurried to Napoleon to withdraw him from danger. Whilst he rode by the side of Napoleon during the retreat, a shot tore away his right arm, and he fell into the arms of an officer who rode alongside of him. Napoleon rode up to him and said: "Poor fellow, must I lose thee too!" "Do not trouble yourself," replied the gray-headed soldier, who, besides having lost his arm, was bleeding from several other wounds, "you lose nothing, only my country loses this arm, but my heart remains yours for ever, and no god can take it from you!" He died near Sedan, in the arms of the emperor, whom he would not leave even under these circumstances.

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THE progress of Napoleon on his route from Elba, was uninterrupted. It was in vain, that, at Lyons, Monsieur and the duke of Orleans, with the assistance of the advice and influence of Marshal MacDonald, endeavoured to retain the troops in their duty, and the inhabitants in their allegiance to the king. The latter, chiefly manufacturers, afraid of being undersold by those of England, in their own market, shouted openly, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" The troops of

the line remained silent and gloomy. "How will your soldiers behave?" said Monsieur, to the colonel of the 13th dragoons. The colonel referred him to the men themselves. They answered candidly, that they would fight for Napoleon, alone. Monsieur dismounted, and addressed the soldiers individually. To one veteran, covered with scars, and decorated with medals, the prince said, "A brave soldier like you, at least, will cry, *Vive le Roi!*" "You deceive yourself," answered the soldier. "No one here will fight against his father—I will cry, *Vive Napoleon!*"

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"In the deep silence of a beautiful moonlight night," said Napoleon, "as I was passing over the field of battle before the dead bodies had been interred, a dog leaped suddenly from beneath the clothes of his dead master, rushed upon us, and then immediately returned to his hiding-place, howling piteously. He alternately licked his master's hands and ran towards us, thus at once soliciting aid and seeking revenge. Whether owing to my own particular turn of mind at that moment," continued the emperor, "the time, the place, or the action itself, I know not; but certainly, no incident on any field of battle ever produced so deep an impression on me. I involuntarily stopped to contemplate the scene. This man, thought I, perhaps has friends in the camp or in his company, and here he lies, forsaken by all except his dog. What a lesson nature here presents, through the medium of an animal! What a strange being is man, and how mysterious are his impressions. I had, without emotion, ordered battles which were to decide the fate of the army. I had beheld, with tearless eyes, the execution of those operations, by which numbers of my countrymen were sacrificed; and here my feelings were roused by the mournful howling of a dog. Certainly, at that moment I should have been easily moved by a suppliant enemy. I could very well imagine Achilles surrendering up the body of Hector at the sight of Priam's tears."

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ABOUT the end of August, 1814, a lady arrived at the Isle of Elba, from Leghorn, with a boy about five or six years old. She was received by Napoleon with great attention, but at the same time with an air of much secrecy, and was lodged in a small and very retired villa, in the most remote corner of the island; from whence, after remaining two days, she re-embarked for Naples. The Elbese naturally concluded that this must have been the empress Maria Louisa and her son. But the individual was known, by those near Napoleon's person, to be a Polish lady from Warsaw, and the boy was the offspring of an intrigue betwixt her and Napoleon, several

years before. The cause of her speedy departure might be delicacy towards Maria Louisa, and the fear of affording the court of Vienna a pretext for continuing the separation of which Napoleon complained.

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NEVER, in his bloodiest and most triumphant field of battle, had the terrible ascendancy of Napoleon's genius appeared half so predominant as during his march, or rather his journey, from Cannes to Paris. He who left the same coast, disguised and weeping, returned in grandeur, like that of the returning wave, which, the farther it has retreated, is rolled back on the shore with the more terrific and overwhelming violence. His look seemed to possess the pretended power of northern magicians, and blunted swords and spears. The bravest of the brave (Ney) who came determined to oppose him as he would a wild beast, recognised his superiority, when confronted with him, and sunk again into his satellite.

It was late in the evening ere Napoleon arrived in the same open carriage which he had used since his landing. He entered amid the shouts of armed columns. In the court of the Carousel, and before the Tuilleries, all the adherents of the old imperial government, and those who, having deserted Napoleon, were eager to expiate their fault by now being first to acknowledge him. They crowded round him so closely, that he was compelled to exclaim, "My friends, you stifle me!" and his adjutants were obliged to support him in their arms up the grand staircase, and thence into the royal apartments.

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THE night before the battle of Jena, Napoleon said he had run the greatest risk. He might then have disappeared without his fate being clearly known. He had approached the bivouacs of the enemy, in the dark, to reconnoitre them; he had only a few officers with him. The opinion which was then entertained of the Prussian army, kept every one on the alert: it was thought that the Prussians were particularly given to nocturnal attacks. As the emperor returned, he was fired at by the first sentinel of his camp; this was a signal for the whole line; he had no resource but to throw himself flat on his face until the mistake was discovered. But his principal apprehension was that the Prussian line which was very near him, would act in the same manner.

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AT Marengo, the Austrian soldiers had not forgotten the conqueror of Castiglione, Arcole, and Rivoli; his name had much influence



over them; but they were far from thinking he was present; they believed he was dead; care had been taken to persuade them that he had perished in Egypt; that the first consul, of whom they heard talk, was only his brother. This report had gained so much credit every where, that Napoleon was under the necessity of appearing in public at Milan, in order to refute it.

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WHEN Napoleon was at Eylau, attended only by some officers of his staff, a column of four or five thousand Russians came almost in contact with him. The emperor was on foot; the prince of Neufchatel instantly ordered up the horses; the emperor gave him a reproachful look; then sent orders to a battalion of his guard to advance, which was a good way behind, and standing still, as the Russians advanced, he repeated several times "What audacity! What audacity!" At the sight of the grenadiers of the guard, the Russians stopped short. It was high time they should, as Bertrand said. The emperor had never stirred; all who surrounded him had been much alarmed.

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TALMA, the celebrated tragedian, had frequent interviews with the emperor, who greatly admired his talent, and rewarded him magnificently. When the first consul became emperor, it was reported also over Paris, that he had Talma to give him lessons in attitude and costume. The emperor, who always knew everything that was said against him, rallied Talma one day on the subject, and finding him quite disconcerted and confounded—"You are wrong," said he, "I certainly could not have employed myself better, if I had had leisure for it." On the contrary, it was Napoleon who gave Talma lessons in his art: "Racine," said he to him, "has loaded his character of Orestes with imbecilities, and you only add to their extravagance. In the *Mort de Pompee*, you do not play Cæsar like a hero: in Britannicus you do not play Nero like a tyrant." Talma made many corrections, afterwards, in his performances of these celebrated characters.

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NAPOLEON was no less original as a tactician than as a strategist. His manœuvres on the field of battle had the promptness and decision of the thunder-bolt. In the actual shock of conflict, as in the preparations which he had made for bringing it on, his object was to amuse the enemy upon many points, while he oppressed one by an unexpected force of numbers. The breaking through the line, the turning of a flank, which had been his object from the commence-



ment of the fight, lay usually disguised under a great number of previous demonstrations, and was not attempted until both the moral and physical force of the enemy was impaired by the length of the combat. It was at this period that he brought up his guards, who, impatient of inactivity, had been held in readiness for hours, and now, springing forward like wolf dogs from the leash, had the glorious task, in which they rarely failed, of deciding the long sustained contest. It may be added, as characteristic of his tactics, that he preferred employing the order of the column to that of the line, perhaps on account of the faith which he might rest in the extreme valour of the French officers by whom the column was headed.

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WHEN Napoleon passed the ruins of the beautiful little town of Bischoffswerder, he expressed particular sympathy upon finding it had been burnt by the French soldiery, after a rencounter near the spot with a body of Russians. He declared that he would rebuild the place, and actually presented the inhabitants with 100,000 francs towards repairing their losses. On other occasions, riding where the recently wounded had not yet been removed, he expressed, as indeed was his custom, for he could never view bodily pain without sympathy, a very considerable degree of sensibility. "His wound is incurable, Sire," said a surgeon, upon whom he was laying orders to attend to one of these miserable objects. "Try, however," said Napoleon; and added in a suppressed voice, "There will always be one fewer of them."

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On the 15th of March, 1813, the emperor Alexander arrived at Breslau: the meeting was affecting betwixt the two sovereigns, who had been such intimate friends, and had always retained the same personal attachment for each other, although the circumstances of controlling necessity had made them enemies, at a period when it was of importance to Russia to have as few foes as possible thrown into the scale against her. The king of Prussia wept—"Courage, my brother," said Alexander, "these are the last tears which Napoleon shall cause you to shed." On the next day after, Prussia declared war against France. Napoleon received that declaration of war with the calmness of one by whom it had been for some time expected. "It was better," he said, "to have a declared enemy than a doubtful ally."

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IN one of the evening parties at the Tuilleries, Napoleon, conversing aside with three or four individuals of the court, who were grouped around him, closed a discussion on a great political question,

with the following remarkable words:—"For my part, I am fundamentally and naturally favourable to a fixed and moderate government." And observing that the countenance of one of the interlocutors expressed surprise, "you don't believe me!" continued he; "why not? Is it because my deeds do not seem to accord with my words? My dear sir, how little you know of men and things. Is the necessity of the moment nothing in your eyes? Were I to slacken the reins only for a moment, we should have fine disorder; neither you nor I would, probably, sleep another night at the Tuilleries."

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WHILE on board the *Undaunted*, (on his passage to Elba,) Napoleon spoke with great freedom of the facility with which he had outwitted and defeated the allies during the last campaign. "The Silesian army," he said, "had given him most trouble. The old devil, Blucher, was no sooner defeated than he was willing to fight again." But he considered his victory over Schwartzemberg as certain, save for the defection of Marmont—Much more he said, with great apparent frankness, and seemed desirous to make himself, in every respect, agreeable to his companions on board. Even the seamen, who at first regarded him with wonder, mixed with suspicion, did not escape the charms of his affability, by which they were soon won over, all excepting the boatswain, Hinton, a tar of the old school, who could never hear the emperor's praises without muttering the vulgar, but expressive, phrase, "*humbug*."

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As Napoleon approached Grenoble, on his return from Elba, he came into contact with the out-posts of the garrison, who drew out, but seemed irresolute. Napoleon halted his own little party, and advanced almost alone, exposing his breast, as he exclaimed, "He who will kill his emperor, let him now work his pleasure." The appeal was irresistible—the soldiers threw down their arms, crowded round the general who had so often led them to victory, and shouted "*Vive l'empereur*."

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NAPOLEON had sometimes entertained thoughts of bringing Murat to the army, but was afraid of shocking the French soldiers, who would have felt disgust and horror at seeing the man who had betrayed France. "I did not," he said, "think I could carry him through, and yet he might have gained us the victory; for there were moments during the battle (of Waterloo,) when to have forced two or three of the English squares might have insured it, and

Murat was just the man for the work—In leading a charge of cavalry, never was there an officer more determined, more brave, and more brilliant.”

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“THE dangers incurred by the military commanders of ancient times,” said Napoleon, “were not to be compared to those which attend the generals of modern times. There was,” he observed, “no position in which a general might not now be reached by artillery; but anciently a general run no risk, except when he himself charged, which Cæsar did only twice or thrice.”

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“WE rarely,” said Napoleon, “find, combined together, all the qualities necessary to constitute a great general. The object most desirable is, that a man’s judgment should be in equilibrium with his physical character or courage. If,” continued he, “courage be a general’s predominating quality, he will rashly undertake what he cannot execute; and, on the other hand, he will not venture to carry any measure into effect, if his character or courage be inferior to his judgment.”

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NAPOLÉON, on his return from the isle of Elba, arrived at the Tuilleries very late in the evening. His levee of the following day, was, as may be supposed, exceedingly numerous. The emperor appeared the same as usual; just as though he had never left the palace, and had held a levee but yesterday; his countenance, attitude, dress, manners, all were unaltered. The force of sentiment prevailed over respect; and all rushed forward to meet him. The emperor himself was visibly moved; and he embraced several of the most distinguished persons. He then commenced his circuit as usual. His voice was mild, his countenance placid, and his manner affable; he spoke with kindness to every one. “How,” said he, addressing a certain individual, in a mingled tone of pleasantry and affection, “do I see the Major-General of the white army within two paces of me?” Several of the individuals present seemed to be labouring under a little embarrassment, owing to the extraordinary events that had just taken place; as for Napoleon, he appeared as though nothing had happened. He did not forget that he had freed them all from their allegiance at Fontainebleau.

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M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND has been alternately seen, it was added, amongst the adherents and opponents of Napoleon; and the em-



peror charges him, when in the service, with malevolence and disloyalty,—particularly at the time of his embassy to the old king of Sardinia, at Rome.

During the disastrous events of 1814, he made himself conspicuous by writing pamphlets, so outrageously violent and virulent, and disgraced by such barefaced calumnies, that they excited feelings of disgust. He, no doubt, must regret having been the author of them, and would not now degrade his talents by such writings.

Some years before his disasters, Napoleon, reading, one day, some fragments of this author's works, expressed his surprise that he was not a member of the institute. These words acted as a powerful recommendation in favour of M. de Chateaubriand, who hastened to put himself in the list, as a candidate, and was almost unanimously chosen.

According to one of the invariable rules of the institute, the candidate newly chosen was to make a speech in praise of the member to whom he was then succeeding; but M. de Chateaubriand, persuaded, that for a man who had once occupied the attention of the public, the surest way to acquire celebrity, was to leave the beaten track, and strike through a new path to fame, reversed this custom by devoting part of his speech to stigmatise the political principles of M. Chenier, his predecessor, and proscribe him as a regicide. His speech was a complete political argument, discussing the restoration of monarchy, and the judgment and death of Louis XVI. The whole institute was in an uproar; some of the members refusing to listen to a speech which appeared to them indecorous, and others, on the contrary, insisting upon its being read.

From the institute the dispute spread rapidly through the different circles of Paris, which were full of the debate, and divided in opinion on the subject, and at last reached the ears of the emperor, to whom everything was carried, and who wished to be informed of everything. He ordered the speech to be shown to him, pronounced it to be extravagant in the extreme, and instantly forbade its publication. It so happened that one of the members of the institute, who had taken a lively part in the discussion, and voted for the reading of the speech, was also one of the great officers of the emperor's household; and the emperor took advantage of this circumstance to manifest his opinion, by addressing him in the following manner at one of his couches:—"How long is it, sir," said he, with the utmost severity, "since the institute has presumed to assume the character of a political assembly? The province of the institute is to produce poetry and to censure faults of language; let it beware how it forsakes the domain of literature, or I shall take measures to bring it back within its limits. And is it possible that you, sir, have sanctioned such an intemperate harangue by your approbation? If M.



Chateaubriand is insane, or disposed to malevolence, a mad-house may cure him, or a punishment correct him. Yet it may be that the opinions he has pronounced, are conscientiously his own, and he is not obliged to surrender them to my policy, which is unknown to him; but with you the case is totally different—you are constantly near my person, you are acquainted with all my acts, you know my will; there may be an excuse in M. de Chateaubriand's favour, there can be none in yours. Sir, I hold you guilty. I consider your conduct as criminal: it tends to bring us back to the days of disorder and confusion, anarchy and bloodshed. Are we then banditti? and am I but an usurper? Sir, I did not ascend the throne by hurling another from it; I found the crown; it had fallen; I snatched it up, and the nation placed it on my head; respect the nation's act.

“Have I then lost the fruit of all my care? have all my efforts been of so little avail, that as soon as my presence no longer restrains you, you are quite ready to bathe once more in each other's blood?” And, in speaking thus, he paced the room with rapid strides, and striking his forehead with his hand, exclaimed: “Alas! poor France, long yet must thou need the guardian's care.”

This reprimand was so severe, that the person to whom it was addressed, a man of honour and delicate feelings, determined upon asking an audience the next day, in order to tender his resignation. He was admitted to the presence of the emperor, who immediately said to him: “My dear sir, you are come on account of the conversation of yesterday; you felt hurt on the occasion, and I have felt no less so; but it was a piece of advice which I thought it right to give to more than one person; if it has the desired effect of producing some public good, we must not either of us regret the circumstance; think no more about it.” And he spoke of something else.

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ON one occasion, on the parade, a young officer stepped out of the ranks in extreme agitation, to complain that he had been ill-used, slighted, and passed over, and that he had been five years a lieutenant, without being able to obtain promotion. “Calm yourself,” said the emperor; “I was seven years a lieutenant, and yet, you see, that a man may push himself forward for all that.” Every body laughed; and the young officer, suddenly cooled by these few words, returned to his place. Nothing, indeed, was more common, than to see private individuals attack the emperor, and hold out against him; and he has often been thus sharply and warmly disputed with, and, unable to silence his oponent, give up the contest, by addressing another person, or by turning the conversation to another subject.

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THE following is Napoleon's laconic, English account of his son. The boy, he says, resembles him only in the upper part of his form. "He has one grand, big head."

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ON leaving Moscow, Napoleon consigned the wrecks of his army to the care of his most distinguished generals; to Murat, who had so ably commanded the cavalry, but who abandoned the army to return to Naples; and to Ney, the hero, rather than the Prince of the Moskowa, whose name will be immortal in the annals of glory, as his death will be eternal in the annals of party revenge. Amidst the general disorder, Eugene, more than any other chief, maintained a sort of discipline among the Italians; and it was remarked, that the troops of the south, engaged in the fatal campaign of Moscow, had endured the rigour of the cold better than those troops who were natives of less genial climates.

When first informed of Murat's treason, by the viceroy, the emperor refused to believe it. "No!" he exclaimed, to those about him. "It cannot be! Murat, to whom I have given my sister? Murat, to whom I have given a throne? Eugene must be misinformed; it is impossible that Murat has declared himself against me!" It was, however, not only possible, but true.

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NAPOLEON's conduct towards the refugees who found their way to Elba, may be judged from the following sketch:—On the 11th of July, Colomboni, commandant of a battalion of the 4th regiment of the line, in Italy, was presented to the emperor as newly arrived. "Well, Colomboni, your business in Elba?" "First, to pay my duty to your majesty; secondly, to offer myself to carry a musket among your guards." "That is too low a situation; you must have something better," said Napoleon; and instantly named him to an appointment of 1200 francs yearly, though it appears the emperor himself was then in great distress for money.

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ABOUT the time Napoleon was preparing for the invasion of Russia, when at Dantzic, he invited Murat, Berthier, and others, to supper. When they first sat down to the table, they were all very dull, for the emperor observed silence; and under such circumstances, not even Murat himself dared to be the first to speak to him. At length, Napoleon, addressing Rapp, inquired how far it was from Cadiz to Dantzic? "Too far, Sire," replied Rapp. "I understand you, Monsieur le General; but in a few months the distance will be still greater." "So much the worse, Sire." Here there was another

pause. Neither Murat nor Berthier, on whom the emperor fixed a scrutinizing glance, uttered a word; and Napoleon again broke silence, but without addressing any one of us in particular. "Gentlemen," said he, in a solemn and rather low tone of voice, "I see plainly, that you are none of you inclined to fight again. The king of Naples does not like to leave the climate of his dominions. Berthier wishes to enjoy the diversion of the chase, at his estate at Grosbois; and Rapp is impatient to be back to his hotel in Paris. Neither Murat nor Berthier said a word in reply.

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NAPOLEON'S court was, in every relation, much more magnificent than anything seen up to that period, and yet the expenses were said to be infinitely less. That vast difference was caused by the suppression of abuses, and by the introduction of order and regularity into the accounts. His hunting and shooting establishment, with the exception of some useless and ridiculous particulars, as that of falconry and some others, was as splendid, as numerous, and as striking, as that of Louis XVI., and the annual disbursement was but four hundred thousand francs, while the king's amounted to seven millions. His table was regulated according to the same system. Duroc had, by his regularity and strictness, done wonders in that respect. Under the kings, the palaces did not continue furnished, and the same articles were transferred from one place to another; the people belonging to the court had no furniture allowed them, and every one was obliged to look out for himself. Under him, on the contrary, there was not a person in attendance, who did not find himself provided as comfortably, or even more so, with everything that was necessary or suitable in the apartment assigned to him, than in his own house.

Napoleon's mews cost three millions; the expense of the horses was averaged at three thousand francs a horse, yearly. A page cost from six to eight thousand francs. That establishment was, perhaps, the most expensive belonging to the palace, and, accordingly, the education of the pages and the care taken of them, were the subject of just encomium. The first families of the empire were solicitous to place their children in it, and the inducements were irresistible.

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AT Dresden, Napoleon was much occupied in business, and Maria Louisa, anxious to avail herself of the smallest intervals of leisure to be with her husband, scarcely ever went out, lest he should miss them. The emperor Francis, who did nothing, and tired himself all day with going about the town, could not at all comprehend this



family seclusion ; he fancied that it was to affect reserve and importance. The empress of Austria endeavoured greatly to get Maria Louisa to go out ; she represented to her that her constant assiduity was ridiculous. She would willingly have given herself the airs of a step-mother with Maria Louisa, who was not disposed to suffer it ; their age being nearly the same. She came frequently, in the morning to her toilet, ransacking among the luxurious and magnificent objects displayed there, she seldom went out empty handed.

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THE empress of Austria was particularly attentive to Napoleon, and took great pains to make much of him while he was present ; but no sooner was his back turned, than she endeavoured to detach Maria Louisa from him by the most mischievous and malicious insinuations ; he was vexed that she could not succeed in obtaining some influence over her. She had, however, address and ability, and that sufficient to embarrass her husband, who had acquired a conviction that she entertained a poor opinion of him. Her countenance was agreeable, engaging, and had something very peculiar in it.

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WHEN Napoleon was at Elba, a mason employed in some buildings which were to be constructed by the emperor's orders, had fallen and hurt himself. Napoleon, wishing to encourage him, assured him that it would be of no consequence, "I have had," said he, "a much worse fall than yours ; but look at me, I am on my legs, and in good health."

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NAPOLEON perceiving, at one of those grand Sunday audiences, which were very numerously attended, the Archbishop of Tours (de Barral), addressed him in a very elevated tone ; "Well, your grace, how do our affairs with the Pope go on ?" "Sire, the deputation of your bishops is about to set out for Savona." "Very well ; endeavour to make the Pope listen to reason ; prevail upon him to conduct himself with prudence ; otherwise, the consequences will be unpleasant. Tell him plainly, that he is no longer in the times of the Gregoriés, and that I am not a Debonnaire. He has the example of Henry the VIII., and without his wickedness. I possess more strength and power than he had. Let him know, that whatever part I may take, I have 600,000 Frenchmen in arms, who, in every contingency, will march with me, for me, and as myself. The peasantry and mechanics look to me alone, and repose unlimited confidence in me. The prudent and enlightened part of the intermediate class, those who take care of their interest, and wish for



tranquility will follow me; the only class favourable to him will be the meddling and talkative, who will forget him at the end of ten days, to chat upon some fresh subject."

And as the archbishop, who betrayed his embarrassment by his countenance, was about to stammer out some words, the emperor added, in a very softened tone, "You are unacquainted with all this: I participate in your doctrines; I honour your piety; I respect your character."

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It was said, that Napoleon was sincerely attached to Maria Louisa; that a fond look from her eye would command anything from his heart. And that though she might possess his more permanent affection, her majesty was known to suspect the possibility of his straying into an occasional infidelity.

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A YOUNG man of the name of Osselin was Talleyrand's confidential secretary, charged with inspecting and transacting the minister's private financial speculations, until Midsummer 1802, when, in reward for his zeal and honesty, he obtained the lucrative place of a receiver-general of the contributions in Piedmont. He then fell into the snares of some male and female sharpers, and became a defaulter for several millions of livres. When this was discovered, general Murat, Napoleon's vice-regent at Turin, had Osselin arrested, and sent under an escort of gens-d'armes to Paris, where he was confined in the temple. Here Fouché examined him; and, upon promise of procuring him liberty, obtained from him every necessary and useful information for a rival favourite to be acquainted with. This statement was immediately printed, and circulated secretly by Fouché's spies; and of the copies disseminated in the castle of the Tuilleries, one fell into the hands of Napoleon, who showed it to Talleyrand, at the same time smiling maliciously and saying: "Should this account be correct, your private property is greater than what I and all the members of my family possess together." "Sire," answered Talleyrand, "my enemies are more malicious than dexterous; they might as easily, and with equal truth, have added a couple of cyphers (zeros) more to each article, and made me at once richer than all the sovereigns of Europe *en masse*."

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At the heights of Reichembach, the Russian rear-guard made a halt, and while the cuirassiers of the guards disputed the pass with the Russian lancers, the French General Bruqueres was struck down by a bullet. He was a veteran of the army of Italy, and favoured

by Napoleon, as having been a companion of his early honours. But fortune had reserved for that day a still more severe trial of Napoleon's feelings. As he surveyed the last point on which the Russians continued to make a stand, a ball killed a trooper of his escort close by his side. "Duroc," he said to his old and faithful follower and confidant, now the grand master of his palace, "fortune has a spite at us to-day."

Some time afterwards, as the emperor with his suite rode along a hollow way, three cannon were fired, one ball shivered a tree close to Napoleon, and rebounding, killed General Rirchenner, and mortally wounded Duroc.

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A HEAVY German officer, who, taken prisoner at the opening of the campaign of Italy, complained that a young, conceited fellow, (meaning Napoleon) had been sent to command against them, who spoiled the profession, and made it intolerable. The bulletins of Ulm and Jena operated upon him like so many revulsions of bile. He was far from admiring Napoleon. He had, he frequently said, made the campaigns of the Marshal de Saxe, which indeed were prodigies in war, and had not been sufficiently appreciated. "War was, no doubt, then an art, but now!!" he remarked, shrugging up his shoulders ——— "In our time, we carried on war with great decorum; we had our mules; we were followed by our canteens; we had our tents; we lived well; we had even plays performed at head quarters; the armies approached each other; admirable positions were occupied; a battle took place; a siege was occasionally carried on, and afterwards we went into winter quarters, to renew our operations in the spring. That is," he exclaimed, with exultation, "what may be called making war! But now a whole army disappears before another in a single battle, and a monarchy is overturned; a hundred leagues are run over in ten days; as for sleeping and eating, they are out of the question. Truly, if you call that genius, I am, for my own part, obliged to acknowledge, that I know nothing about it; and, accordingly, you excite my pity, when I hear you call him a great man."

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NAPOLEON, at one of his levees, having been obliged to wait some time for one of his officers, attacked him, on his arrival, openly, in the presence of all. It happened to be precisely at the time when five or six kings (and among others those of Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemberg,) were at Paris. "Sire," replied the guilty courtier, "I have, no doubt, a million of excuses to make to your majesty, but at this time, one is not at perfect liberty to go through the streets as he pleases. I just now had the misfortune to get into a *crowd of*

*kings*, from which I found it impossible to extricate myself sooner. This, Sire, was the cause of my delay." Every one smiled, and the emperor contented himself with saying, in a very softened tone of voice: "Whatever, Sir, may be the cause, take proper precautions in future, and, above all, never make me wait again."

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LEAVING the empress at Fontainebleau, Napoleon made an excursion to Brienne, purposely, as emperor, to view the scenes of his boyhood, which he had not visited from the time of leaving college. The principal seat of his early studies, indeed, had been dismantled, but even revolutionary rage had been able to work little change on nature. Napoleon seemed to enjoy unmixed pleasure in recalling her features; walking before those who attended him, delighting to be the first to point out and name the several spots which had been his favourite resorts. After passing the night in the chateau de Brienne, he got up early in the morning to visit La Rothiere, formerly a holiday haunt, and the cottage of dame Marguerite, a woman who lived in the forest, and at whose abode the collegians, in their rambles, were wont to be supplied with eggs, cakes, and milk. On such occasions, each paid his share, and the good dame had not, it seems, forgotten, that regular payment might be depended on when young Napoleon was of the party. The emperor had inquired about the old woman over-night, and heard, with equal surprise and pleasure, that she still lived. Galloping almost alone through the alleys of the forest, he alighted at a little distance, and entered the cottage. "Good morning, dame Marguerite; so you have no curiosity to see the emperor?"—"Yes, indeed, good master, I am very anxious to see him, and here is a basketful of fresh eggs I am to carry to the chateau, and then I will try to get a sight of the emperor; I shall easily know him, for I have seen him often before now, when he came to taste my milk; he was not emperor then, but o' my troth, he knew how to manage his comrades; my milk, eggs, cakes, and broken plates, were sure to be paid for when he was present: he began by paying his own score, and saw that everyone else paid."—"So, dame Marguerite," replied the emperor with a smile, "you have not then forgotten Bonaparte?"—"Nay, nay, my good master, people don't soon forget a young man of his stamp; we all remember that he was cautious, serious, and sometimes even melancholy, but always good to the poor. I am no great witch, but could have told that he would have made his way."—"He has done pretty well, has he not?" asked Napoleon, laughing.—"O' my troth, master, that he has," said the old woman, to whom Napoleon, during this short dialogue, had approached quite close, but keeping his back to the door, and, consequently, to the principal light. Turning now



suddenly round, the light streamed full upon his countenance—the good dame started, blessed herself, and seemed striving to collect her reminiscences of the past. To help her memory, Napoleon, rubbing his hands, and assuming the tones and manners of his youth, called out, “So, ho! dame Marguerite, some milk and fresh eggs; we are all dying of hunger.” The old woman, not quite assured, began to examine the emperor very attentively. “Ah, dame Marguerite,” said the latter, “time has changed us both; and you perceive it would not have been so easy, as you just now thought, to recognise the emperor; but you find we are old acquaintances.” The poor creature dropped upon her knees—Napoleon raised her with an expression of the utmost kindness, saying, “Of a truth, my good mother, I am as hungry as a student—have you nothing to give me?” Eggs and milk were got ready, Napoleon helping himself, for joy had almost put the old woman beside herself. Having thus made a hearty repast, the emperor rose to depart, and giving his ancient hostess a purse of gold, said, “You know, dame Marguerite, I like everybody to pay their score.—Adieu, I will not forget you.”

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AFTER Napoleon had resigned the throne in favour of his son, and was passing through France, on his way to his intended abode, he came to the small town of B——. He had alighted at the post-office with the officers of the allied troops who accompanied him, and conversed with a great deal of animation, when an old man, whose hair was as white as snow, pressed through the crowd towards Napoleon just as he was going to re-enter the carriage.

“Sire!” said he, “they take you away from France, which loves and honours you; two of my sons and their children have faithfully followed your banners, they have all sacrificed their life to their country and to you; my soul has been much grieved at this loss, but I thank God that they are no more to see their country disgraced. Be happy, Sire! the hearts of many thousand brave Frenchmen, whom you have so often led to victory, follow you. You will easily forget France, which in part has ached with ingratitude towards you, but France will ever miss you.”

Here the old man seized the hand of Napoleon, covered it with tears, and disappeared.

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IN the battle of Jena a soldier of the 8th regiment of riflemen had distinguished himself very much. On the field of battle he was already made a non-commissioned officer, and recommended by his comrades to receive the cross of the legion of honour. Napoleon, himself, was a witness to the bold deeds of the young Frenchman, who was from Boug a Chartre near Rouen.



Napoleon stopped for a few moments in W——, where the regiment of the young hero, who had now been twenty-four hours a non-commissioned officer, was passing. He sent for him, and asked him, among other things, who his parents were? "My father is the Baron de Treville, and I followed the banners of France to gain my spurs, as my ancestors have done. Yesterday's work was my first specimen, which, by the by, did not deserve any great reward, for who can fight an enemy that is running away?" Napoleon, who was much pleased with the ardour of this hero of eighteen, replied that he would find opportunities enough in his army to gain fame, and at the end of the conversation he asked whether he had perhaps any favour to ask for his parents, or any other dear relation, or whether he had himself any particular wish that was not gratified? "Sire!" answered the young soldier, whose enthusiasm was raised by the satisfaction of his emperor, "I and my family have no wants; I pant for glory, which I feel myself strong enough to acquire in the army: I have no favours to ask. My only wish is to die the death of a hero for thee and for France, and to gain the name of a French soldier under Napoleon."

Napoleon took his own cross of the legion of honour from his breast, and gave it to the young enthusiast. "You are worthy," said he, "to be a Frenchman, and to wear the cross of your emperor."

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NAPOLEON used to get his hair cut very frequently, both when in the field and when at home. This operation was generally performed by his *valet de chambre*, who was also in the habit of shaving him. The valet, however, had not returned from Russia, and the court hair-dresser, a man already advanced in years and very nervous, had to perform this operation.

Whilst the hair-dresser was exercising his art on the head of Napoleon, the latter continued to talk to several persons, jumped up from his chair, dictated to several secretaries, so that his head was in perpetual motion. This made the hair-dresser still more nervous, he was just occupied near the ear, when Napoleon suddenly turned his head and the scissors cut his ear so as to make it bleed. The poor hair-dresser, timid by nature, was so frightened, that he could not open his lips to make an apology, but stood like a statue.

Napoleon, who could not help laughing at the poor wretch, took out his pocket handkerchief, applied it to his ear and said, turning to the hair-dresser: "I see, you want to put me in mind of my long ears, you should have done this before I went to Russia, it might have been of some use then."

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THE wonderful energies of Napoleon's mind, and the influence which he could exert over the minds of others, were never so striking as at the period of his reign after his return from Moscow. He had returned to his seat of empire at a dreadful crisis, and in a most calamitous condition. His subjects had been ignorant, for six weeks, whether he was dead or alive; and a formidable conspiracy, which was all but successful, had, at once, shown that there was an awakening activity amongst his secret enemies, and an apathy and indifference amongst his apparent friends. When he arrived, it was to declare a dreadful catastrophe, of which his ambition had been the cause; the loss of five hundred thousand men, with all their arms, ammunition, and artillery; the death of so many children of France as threw the whole country into mourning. He had left behind him cold and involuntary allies, changing fast into foes; and foes, encouraged by his losses and his flight, threatening to combine Europe in one great crusade, having for its object the demolition of his power. No sovereign ever presented himself before his people in a situation more precarious, or overclouded by such calamities, arrived or in prospect.

Yet Napoleon came, and seemed but to stamp on the earth, and armed legions arose at his call; the doubts and discontents of the public disappeared as mists at sun rising, and the same confidence which had attended his prosperous fortunes revived in its full extent, despite of his late reverses.

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NAPOLEON, when young, though warmly attached to the sex, entertained but a mean opinion both of the talents and virtue of women, and on rare occasions only, attempted to be pleasing in their society. When taxed by Josephine with the carelessness of his address, he would repeat, "Josephine, compared with you, all are nought."

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AT the time of Napoleon's marriage, he had employed Isabey to paint, in the exquisite style of that artist, a miniature of Josephine. This, in battle and in march, he constantly wore about his person. In "the rough and stirring course" upon which he was now launched, it could not, to ordinary feelings, be matter of marvel, if accident should occur to the portrait. But the feelings of the youthful conqueror of Italy were not, either for good or evil, of a common character. The glass, covering the miniature, was found to have been broken; how, he knew not. From this simple occurrence, he immediately conceived a presentiment of the death of the original, and enjoyed no peace of mind till the return of a courier, despatched express to bring him tidings of Josephine.

WHEN at Fontainebleau, previous to the departure of Napoleon for the Isle of Elba, his valet-de chambre, in the night, betwixt the 12th and 13th of April, heard him arise and pour something into a glass of water, drink, and return to bed. In a short time afterwards, the man's attention was called by sobs and stifled groans. An alarm took place in the chateau; some of the principal persons were aroused, and repaired to Napoleon's chamber. Yvan, the surgeon, who had procured him the poison, was also summoned; but hearing the emperor complain that the operation of the potion was not quick enough, he was seized with a panic terror, and fled from the palace at full gallop. Napoleon took the remedies recommended, and a long fit of stupor ensued, with profuse perspiration. He awakened, much exhausted, and surprised at finding himself still alive. He said aloud, after a few moments' reflection: "Fate will not have it so;" and afterwards appeared reconciled to undergo his destiny, without similar attempts at personal violence.

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NAPOLEON said, that being at Bayonne, at the Chateau de Marrach, when the city of Bourdeaux gave him a *fete*, he saw by the side of the empress Josephine, a charming countenance, of the most perfect beauty, with which he was forcibly struck. The impression she made did not pass unperceived. She had been instructed and prepared before hand by some one nearly related to her; and "God knows," said the emperor, "with what intentions." She was a new reader to the empress Josephine, whom she attended to the Chateau de Marrach, and might very possibly have had great success. She already occupied Napoleon's thoughts, when M. de Lavalette, who was at the head of the secret department of the post-office, destroyed the charm. He sent, direct to the emperor, a letter addressed to this young lady. It was from her mother or her aunt, an Irishwoman, and contained minute directions for the part she was to play, and particularly urged her by all means to contrive to secure such a living pledge as might prolong her empire, or at least secure her great influence. "On this perusal," said the emperor, "all illusion vanished. The coarseness of the intrigue, the turpitude of the details, the style, the hand which had written the letter; but above all her being a foreigner, produced immediate disgust; and the pretty little Irish girl was in fact, put into a post chaise and suddenly packed off to Paris."

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A FINE gentleman, who had formerly been a captain of cavalry, and who seemed perfectly satisfied with his own person and accomplishments, was introduced to a society of select persons. "I come,"



he said, "from the plain des Sablong; I have just seen our Ostrogoth (meaning Napoleon) manœuvre. He had two or three regiments which he threw into confusion upon each other, and they were all lost in some bushes. I would have taken him and all his men prisoners, with fifty maitres (formerly troopers) only. An usurped reputation!" he exclaimed. "Accordingly Moreau was always of opinion that he would fail in Germany. A war with Germany is talked of; if it take place, we shall see how he will extricate himself. He will have justice done to him."

The war took place, and Napoleon sent in a very few days the bulletin of Ulm and that of Austerlitz, &c. The fine gentleman again made his appearance in that same company, and for the instant, they could not, notwithstanding their malevolence, help crying out all in the same breath, "And your fifty maitres!" "Oh! truly," said he, "it is impossible to comprehend the thing; this man triumphs over every obstacle; fortune leads him by the hand, and besides, the Austrians are so awkward; such fools!"

ONE day, at one of Napoleon's grand audiences, he attacked a colonel with the utmost vehemence, and quite in a tone of anger, upon some slight disorders of which his regiment had been guilty towards the inhabitants of the countries they had passed through in returning to France. During the reprimand, the colonel, thinking the punishment out of all proportion to the fault of which he was accused, repeatedly endeavoured to excuse himself; but the emperor, without interrupting his speech, said to him in an undertone, "Very well, but hold your tongue; I believe you; but say nothing:" and when he afterwards saw him in private, he said to him: "When I thus addressed you, I was chastising, in your person, certain generals whom I saw near you, and who, had I spoken to them direct, would have been found deserving of the lowest degradation, and perhaps of something worse."

THE following conversation took place at Saint Helena, between Napoleon and a gentleman of the British navy. This author, as well as Paul, whose letters are under a feigned name, gives very interesting particulars of Waterloo. "It will, I think, make you smile, general, when I tell you that your guide, La Coste, is not forgotten. He is represented as having been most dreadfully frightened." "Frightened! at what?" "At the balls, sir, that were flying about him. It is said, also, that you, at the time, rallied and consoled him with the assurance that it was much more honourable to receive a ball in the breast than in the back. Besides, he is made to complain that he was very inadequately recompensed for the labour and dangers of the day; that a single Napoleon was his only reward."



Napoleon instantly replied, with an intelligent smile, "It might as well have been said five hundred." The gentleman continued:—"Mr. Boyce appears to me to have been very attentive to accuracy in his report of the two contending armies." "What number," Napoleon instantly asked, "does he give to that of France?" "He quotes from an officer, and makes them to have been seventy thousand." Napoleon replied, "I had seventy-one thousand; and how many English is it stated there were in the field?" "Including the German legion, I understand there were thirty thousand British troops; which, united with the Belgians, Hanoverians, and Brunswickers, formed a whole of sixty-eight thousand men." "How many Prussians were there under Bulow?" "About fifteen thousand." "And how many on the arrival of Blucher, in the evening?" "I really do not know; but it is said that the duke of Wellington acknowledges how very happy he felt at the appearance of his old friend; and that the person did not exist who could have been more welcome to him in the course of the evening than Blucher."

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CAPTAIN BRECHTEL of the fifth regiment of artillery, lost a leg at Wagram, but went, notwithstanding, through part of the Spanish campaign, after his recovery as "*Chef de Bataillon*," and, in 1812, accompanied the division of the army, then in Spain to Russia. His *bataillon* suffered much before it came to Moscow, and in the battle of Smolensk, he lost his wooden leg. This circumstance obliged him to leave his corps to get a new leg made. But having lost it on the first day of the battle, and the *sapars* being too much occupied in repairing wagons and gun carriages, he could not have another made, and was prevented from being at the battle. This made him almost furious, and he never ceased cursing and swearing during the whole time. Laying behind a garden hedge, he was an eye-witness of the battle, the favourable issue of which gave him great pleasure.

Immediately after the battle a new leg was made for the lieutenant-colonel; but to prevent a similar occurrence for the future, he had four reserve legs made, which were always in one of the baggage carts of his corps. On crossing the Beressisa he received an order to have a battery thrown up to cover the floating bridge, which was executed. Napoleon himself was present and encouraged the artillery-men. Scarcely had the battery commenced to fire, when the lieutenant-colonel leaped from his horse, and, with an activity peculiar to himself, went to every piece, pointed it, hastened the soldiers, and encouraged the wounded.

Napoleon had just returned to the battery with some officers, when a ball carried away one of the colonel's legs. The emperor said to his suite the poor devil has lost a leg, and immediately dismounted and hastened to his assistance. But, scarcely had the colonel re-

covered somewhat from the shock, when he sat up, and said, laughing, to the emperor, who now perceived that it was his wooden leg, that he had lost, "Do not be uneasy, emperor, I have a stock of them, and as soon as the pain which the shock has occasioned me shall abate, I shall be at my post again. Go," cried he to an artillery-man, "bring me from the baggage wagon, No. 1, another leg." The man went on his errand. Napoleon laid his hand on the shoulder of the wounded officer, and said: "Your wooden leg ought to have one of the first places in the museum, that our descendants may have one proof more, what heroes have fought the battles of France.

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ONE of the most delightful excursions which even Italy offers, is from Milan to the Lakes. This was among the very first scenes visited by Napoleon and Josephine in each other's company. After seeing the Lake of Como, they drove through the rich fields and vine-clad acclivities, across to Lake Maggiore. Embarking on this magnificent expanse, whose waters reflect at once the gayest and most stupendous objects, from the glittering villa to the hoary Alps. They landed in succession on those fairy paradises, the Borromean Islands: of these, the Isola Bella, with its numerous arcades, hanging gardens, and anchorite palace, was Napoleon's favourite,—as might naturally be supposed; calculated, as it is, to excite the imagination, rather than to gratify the taste. Here the party made considerable stay. On one of the marble terraces, a splendid orange tree was pointed out to the writer, as the scene of a little adventure. Josephine, with one or two ladies, had taken her station under the tree; and while they were engaged in admiring the distant landscape, Napoleon slipped up unperceived, and by a sudden shake brought down a shower of the golden fruit among the fair group. All her companions ran off, screaming in affright; Josephine alone remained unmoved. This partial failure of his stratagem seemed somewhat to pique the contriver. "Why, Josephine," he observed, half ironically, "you stand fire, like one of my veterans." "And should it be otherwise?" was the appropriate reply; "am I not the wife of their commander?"

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MARIA LOUISA at one time consulted her confessor, the bishop of Nantez, on the obligation of abstaining from meat on Fridays. "At what table do you dine?" asked the bishop. "At the emperor's." "Do you give all the orders there?" "No." "You cannot, then, make any alteration in it; would he do it himself?" "I am inclined to think not." "Be obedient, then, and do not provoke a subject for scandal. Your first duty is to obey, and make him respected; you

will not be in want of other means to amend your life, and to suffer privations in the eyes of God.

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AN old dowager, who, to the day of her death, obstinately refused to give credit to any of Napoleon's successes in Germany. When Ulm, Austerlitz, and his entrance into Vienna, were mentioned in her presence:—"So you believe all that," said she, shrugging up her shoulders. "It is all his fabrication. He would not presume to set a foot in Germany; be assured that he is still behind the Rhine, where he is perishing from fear, and sends us those silly stories; you will learn in time, that I am not to be imposed upon."

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IN speaking of his position at Saint Jean d' Acre, Napoleon observed:—"The position which I occupied in the middle of Syria, with 12,000 men only, was, it must be admitted, a very enterprising measure. I was at the distance of 500 leagues from Desaix, who formed the other extremity of my army. It has been related by Sidney Smith, that I lost 18,000 men before Saint Jean d' Acre, although my army consisted but of 12,000. An obscure person, M——, who had just gone through his exercises at college, as it seemed, who knows nothing of what he describes, and whose only talent is that of tacking some sentences together, with a view, no doubt, of converting them to his emolument; the brother, however, of one, whom I have loaded with favours, and who was one of my council of state, has recently published something on that subject, on which I have cast a glance, and which vexes me on account of its silliness, and the gloomy tint it endeavours to shed on the glory and exploits of that army, &c. Had I been master of the sea, I should have been master of the East; and the thing was so practicable, that it failed only through the stupidity or bad conduct of some officers of the navy."

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WHEN Napoleon left Brescia to commence the campaign against Wurmser, Josephine accompanied him. Arrived at Verona, she had witnessed the first shots that were fired. When she returned to Castle-Nuovo, and saw the wounded as they passed, she was desirous of being at Brescia; but she found herself stopped by the enemy, who was already at Ponte Marco. In the anxiety and agitation of the moment, she was seized with fear, and wept a great deal on quitting her husband, who exclaimed, when embracing her, and with a kind of inspiration, "Wurmser shall pay dearly for those tears which he causes thee!" She was obliged to pass in her carriage, very close to the fortification of Mantua. She was fired



upon from the place, and one of her suite was even wounded! She traversed the Po, Bologna, Ferrara, and stopped at Lucca, attended by dread, and the unfavourable reports which were usually spread around our patriotic armies; but she was internally supported by her extreme confidence in her husband's good fortune.

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It was most surprising that the man who, in the course of his career, seems scarcely to have allowed himself time to sleep, while he, for so many years, kept the world awake, had, while on his passage to Saint Helena, become the most decided sleeper on board the ship. During the greater part of the day, Napoleon reclined on a sofa, would quit the card-table at an early hour in the evening, and was seldom visible before eleven in the morning, and not unfrequently took his breakfast in bed. But he had nothing to do, and a novel would sometimes amuse him.

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NAPOLEON, when at Saint Helena, riding out one day with his suite, began to talk English: and having thrown his arm half around Madame Bertrand's neck, he exclaimed, "This is my mistress!" "O not mistress!" while the lady was endeavouring to extricate herself, and the count, her husband, bursting with laughter. He then asked if he had made a mistake, and being informed of the English interpretation of the word, he cried out, "O, no, no—I say my friend, my love; no, not my love, my friend, my friend." The fact was, that Madame Bertrand had been indisposed for several days, and he wished to rally her spirits, as well as to give an unreserved ease to the conversation. In short, to use a well-known English phrase—He was the life of the party.

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It was admitted, without dispute, that the princess Pauline was the handsomest woman in Paris. Napoleon said that the artists were unanimous in considering her a perfect *Venus de Medicis*.

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SOME one ventured to observe to Napoleon, that Maria Louisa had boasted, that whenever she desired any thing, no matter how difficult, she had only to weep. The emperor laughed at it, and said, this was new to him. He might have suspected it of Josephine, but he had no idea of it in Maria Louisa.

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IN lack of other means of amusing himself, Napoleon had been somewhat interested in the construction of a pond and fountain in the garden of Longwood, which was stocked with small fishes. A mixture of copperas in the mastic employed in cementing the basin, had affected the water. It so happened, a short time before his death, that the creatures, which had been in a good measure the object of Napoleon's attention, began to sicken and to die. He was deeply affected by the circumstance, and, in language strongly resembling the beautiful verses of Moore, expressed his sense of the fatality which seemed to attach itself to him. "Every thing I love—every thing that belongs to me," he exclaimed, "is immediately struck. Heaven and mankind unite to afflict me." At other times he lamented his decay of energy. The bed, he said, was now a place of luxury, which he would not exchange for all the thrones in the universe. The eyes, which formerly were so vigilant, could now scarcely be opened. He recollected that he used to dictate to four or five secretaries at once. "But then," he said, "I was Napoleon—now I no longer live, I only exist." Often he remained silent for many hours, suffering, as may be supposed, much pain, and immersed in profound melancholy.

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A FEW days before Napoleon's death, he explained to the priest (Vignali) the manner in which he desired his body should be laid out in state, in an apartment lighted by torches, or what Catholics call *un chambre ardente*. "I am neither," he said, in the same phrase which we have formerly quoted, "a philosopher nor a physician. I believe in God, and am of that religion of my father. It is not every body who can be an atheist. I was born a Catholic, and will fulfil all the duties of the Catholic church, and receive the assistance which it administers." He then turned to Dr. Antomarchi, whom he seems to have suspected of heterodoxy, which the doctor, however, disowned. "How can you carry it so far?" he said. "Can you not believe in God, whose existence every thing proclaims, and in whom the greatest minds have believed?"

FINIS.

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*Opinions of the Press.*

THE object of this work is, to present to the American public, the ideas of the celebrated Charles Fourier upon the subject of a re-organization of Society. It is a theme of some difficulty, but one—as far as we have been able to judge by an examination of the work before us—which he has handled with consummate skill. However much men may differ from the author, as to the practicability of his theme, few, we predict, will venture to question the talent of the writer.

The novelty of the ideas promulgated by Mr. Fourier, will procure for this work a rapid sale—and we have no doubt he will make many converts to his peculiar notions. The present is an age of inquiry, if not of novelty,—and whatever is adapted to advance the interests of mankind, finds speedy admirers.

Mr. Brisbane deserves great credit for the industry and talent displayed in bringing the conceptions of Fourier before the American public in their present form. We recommend the work to every inquiring mind.—*Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia.*

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BESIDES glancing cursorily at its entire contents, we have read it nearly all attentively, and can pronounce it well worthy of a careful perusal. It treats with ability upon a most important, and to the philanthropist, we should think, a most interesting subject.

Its purpose is to exhibit in brief outline, and recommend to adoption, the plan of Charles Fourier, for the re-organization of society on principles and in a mode which will combine the free development of individual character, and the full activity of individual energy; the possession of private property, and the enjoyment of individual liberty, to a degree now practically unknown in civilized life, with all the efficiency and economy of large associations. Whatever may be thought of the practicability of this scheme, the theory is, to our mind, beautifully attractive. If it can be carried out successfully, the results will be glorious beyond expression, to the whole family of man.

Among them will be the annihilation of poverty, vice, and crime; the elevation of all to equal privileges and means of mental and moral improvement; the abolition of slavery, and every species of servitude, properly so called; the perfect equality of human rights, without reference to rank, wealth, physical peculiarities, sex, or condition; the ennobling of labour, and the perfect erasure of the line of distinction between the labouring and the “higher classes,” by the conversion of all into labourers in the highest sense voluntary, labourers engaging in productive industry as a pleasure, and not as a task, or merely as a duty; the absolutely free choice of employments, even in the case of children of



three years old; the absence of physical coercion in every department of life; the beautifying and fertilizing of the earth, converting even its most extensive and hitherto irreclaimable marshes and morasses, and its widest and most barren deserts into regions of fruitful fields; the improvement of climates; the diminution of the causes of disease; the consequent general diffusion and increase of health and vigour of body and mind, and the prolongation of life to at least thrice its present average duration.

This is verily a delightful picture to contemplate—almost too full of glory for realization on this earth, so long denominated “a vale of tears.” The author of the work anticipates the objection that so much happiness cannot be for man in his present state, and labours to remove it, by arguments of much force, certainly, if not conclusive. To own the truth, though we entered on this “enchanted ground,” in a most incredulous frame of mind—for our organ of marvellousness is somewhat of the smallest—and expected to find it a land of empty and unsubstantial visions, and all its splendid fabrics but so many air-castles, yet before our journey through it was completed, we were almost persuaded that its brightest and loveliest scenes were susceptible of full realization; that it was not the mere creation of a vivid fancy, but rather a region of firm and solid earth, on which we might build in confidence our hopes and anticipations. At all events, let what will be said of the author’s plan for their removal, he certainly delineates the evils of civilization with an able hand, and in bold and striking colours, and exhibits the superior economy of association, the greater efficiency and productiveness of industry in the “combined order,” with a clearness and distinctness that cannot fail to arrest attention and produce conviction that something ought to be done to secure, if possible, such immense advantages. This scheme may be visionary (we are far less inclined to pronounce it so now, than before reading the book), but the presentation of it, and the arguments for it, and the facts on which the author claims that it is based, will, we doubt not, do good—will awaken attention, and elicit discussion and examination, and lead to the application of such tests of experiment as, in aiming to settle this question, will either accomplish the direct object, or open the way to some other useful discovery; some better mode of removing acknowledged evils, and introducing generally desired improvements.

This work is evidently the product of no ordinary intellect. The mind which devised and matured the system it delineates, was one, which, in depth, power, originality, freedom, and boldness, is not often excelled.—*Pennsylvania Freeman, Philadelphia.*

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Irs doctrine is, that “our evils are *social*, not *political*;—Political evils are the result of the false organization of society.”

The object of this work is to convince mankind that their best interests would be obtained by combined associations, of families numbering twelve or fifteen hundred individuals. As, in proof of the theory, we are referred to the prosperity of banking, insurance, mercantile, manufacturing, and other companies. The author explains wherein time, money, and labour, would be saved if his system should be adopted—and that a greater degree of happiness would be the result.



The spirit of emulation should be encouraged.

"Nothing develops such energy in the individual as corporate rivalry or emulation; this passion, so universal, is one of the most powerful springs of action in the human soul. In the mechanism of the series, we find first, emulation between members of groups, each of whom strives to excel in his part;—then come higher rivalries, the rivalry of group with group, of serie with serie, of phalanx with phalanx, state even with state, and nation with nation. Arrived at this point, we see these collective emulations producing the most brilliant results. We find here and there some examples of these national rivalries in the present order of things: the nations of Europe strive to excel in the discipline and perfection of their armies; and there exists a marked rivalry between England and this country in ships and steamboats.

"The lustre imparted to the fine arts in Italy, in the sixteenth century, is attributable in a great measure to this stimulant; the leading cities then had their schools of painting, each with its peculiar excellence, at the head of which were the great painters of that day; Raphael at Rome; Michael Angelo at Florence; Titian at Venice; and Leonardo Da Vinci at Milan. These different schools were mutually benefited by studying the particular excellence which each had attained; and to this noble emulation do we owe those magnificent works of art, which have been, and ever will be, the admiration of the world. The dignity and elevation communicated to art by this collective rivalry, are well expressed in the words of Corregio, who, on contemplating one of his grandest compositions, exclaimed: '*I also am a painter.*'"

We have not had an opportunity yet of investigating the author's theory, but we would recommend it to the notice of those who possess time and talent to do it justice.

One quotation more from his book will suffice for this time.

"This is the first, the only theory which has appeared upon Association; if you reject it, invent a better one; and—if you cannot, before condemning it, await its trial."—*Philadelphia Visiter.*

THIS work we have before briefly alluded to, as having proceeded from the pen of Albert Brisbane, Esq. Since that time we have stolen an hour to look into it a little more at length, and we are now satisfied that the author not only does not advance the miserable doctrines of Owen and other Socialists, but his entire labours are expressly adverse. Quoting the matter under which he writes, he says our evils are "social, not political." He contends that there must be a new species of association, *i. e.* a re-organization of industry introduced before the physical toils of society can either become pleasurable or profitable to the great mass.

No community of property is proposed. It is an association in which an account is kept with every individual, who shall be paid thus: "Five-twelfths labour, four-twelfths to capital, three-twelfths to practical or theoretical knowledge." Clothing is to be advanced to the poorer members for one year by the council, and all are to labour in such vocations as best pleases them, and to exchange labour so as not to render any work burthensome or coercive. All are to receive according to their skill, labour, and capital; all working utensils as well as anything else being classed, of course, as capital. Each member is to have shares in the association, and if he does not toil, then he will not draw for more

than his capital. A person may be a member without being a stockholder, or a stockholder without being a member. In the latter case, he receives no part of the profits, which are awarded to *labour* and *skill*.

The general idea is, that in association, labour may become far more productive, as, for instance, a few persons comparatively might do the whole cooking for an association, while, in the present division of society, our households must be supplied with cooks, market servants, and other attendants. This we name only as a specimen of Mr. Brisbane's plan, which he thinks would make all who adopt it independent, without the least fear of want, of the poor-house, prisons, sheriffs, and anything else. His work certainly embraces much that is novel, and will no doubt receive attention from all those who are seeking a new organization of the social system.—*Saturday Courier, Philadelphia.*

THIS is a curious book. The author, or editor, or rather both editor and author, commences his preface with the following statement of his object:

"The object I have in view in publishing this volume, is to lay before the American public, the profound and original conceptions of Charles Fourier, on the subject of a re-organization of society."

The philosopher thus introduced is afterwards described as follows:

"CHARLES FOURIER, the genius to whom is due the discovery of association, based on series of groups and attractive industry, was born at Besancon, in France, on the 7th of April, 1772, and died at Paris, on the 10th of October, 1837, aged sixty-five years and six months.

"FOURIER is to be ranked among those bold and original geniuses, like Columbus, Copernicus, and Newton, who open new paths to human science, and who appear upon the stage of the world to give it a new impetus, and exercise an influence, which is to be prolonged for ages."

Other statements of interest are annexed, respecting the studies and publications of the man thus celebrated; but we have no room for them at present. The great proposition maintained in the work is thus declared in the introduction:

"We assert, and will prove, that labour, which is now monotonous, repugnant, and degrading, can be ennobled, elevated, and made honourable; or, in other words, that industry can be rendered attractive!"

The practical tendency of this doctrine is thus stated:

"Let this great and practical reform be once effected, and three-fourths of the evils which oppress mankind will be done away with as if by a magic influence."

We will furnish one other illustration of its character:

"What does man require to be happy? Riches, and an ennobling and pleasing activity.

"How is he to obtain riches, if labour, which is the source of all wealth, be repugnant and degrading, and if its exercise has to be coerced by poverty and want, or by the fear of the whip? With the present miserable organization of labour, it is useless to think of general riches, that is, of an abundance for all: poverty will continue to be the lot of the great majority, so long as the present defective system of industry is continued."

These extracts, we think, will sufficiently demonstrate that this book is a curiosity. We confess that we feel both an attraction toward it, and

a prejudice against it. Yet, if spared, we will endeavour to consider its developements with all candour. The subject is certainly full of importance. We have long felt a deep interest in it, and are happy that we have the opportunity of reviewing the results of the studies of one who, it is reported, "devoted nearly forty years" to it.—*Christian World, Philadelphia.*

WE will venture to assert, that a more novel, and at the same time, a more original work than the above, has not for a long time been issued from the press. It proposes nothing more or less than an organic change in the present system of society, and points out with confidence the means of effecting this Herculean undertaking, as the time had arrived when fate had ordained it to be so.

The author asserts that the present system of society is false, that it is devoid of economy, of combination, of foresight, of unity, and of order; that there is a bad application of labour and capital, of sexes and ages to industry, of cultivation to soils, &c., and all is conflict and opposition, envious competition, over-reaching, and fraud. In this confusion of opposing interests and efforts, one half of the labour, capital, and talent of society is wasted: none are happy, for those who are not harrassed by poverty and want, are harrassed by anxiety, and thwarted in a thousand ways.

In place of such a state of things, a system of association is proposed, which the author believes will remedy the evils that the great body now labour under. It would be impossible to give here any adequate idea of the system proposed: the work itself must be read. We will, however, remark, that no community of property exists. All the personal and real estate of the association, that is, its edifices, lands, flocks, &c., are represented by stock, divided into shares, which are owned by the inhabitants of this association, according to their fortune. Equal social advantages will be guaranteed to all, which will not result in a monotonous equality, but in a rich and varied developement of talents and capacities. An entirely new system of education is proposed, which is original and very striking.

"In a free system of association," says the author, "the passions could be employed usefully, and a good direction given them. Their restless activity is now perverted in our societies, with their monotonous idleness and conflicts and discords. It is only in association that man can hope for happiness, that he can hope to attain his dignity, his liberty and independence."

The author contends strongly for the goodness of human nature and the passions: it is society, he asserts, which perverts and misdirects them, and he throws on our false social system the blame of the present degradation of the race, of the vice and crime which exist. This is turning the tables upon past doctrines, which condemn human nature to exultate society.

The system of association, which is here proposed, was discovered by Charles Fourier, who devoted nearly forty years to the subject, and who died in 1837. The subject, however, is so entirely out of the common sphere, that it is only lately that it has attracted much attention in Europe—it is now spreading to all parts of the world. Thanks to the work of Mr. Brisbane, the American public can judge of the value of the new social views of this great genius.



What the author seems most desirous to prove is, that labour, which, as it at present is exercised, is monotonous, repugnant, but poorly rewarded, and even degrading, can be ennobled, elevated, made honourable—in short, that **INDUSTRY** can be rendered **ATTRACTIVE**.

A system of *attractive industry* is the foundation of the whole theory; the conception is original, and consistent with a wise and just Providence. Labour is the source of all riches; its products are necessary to our physical comforts and happiness, and its occupations to our bodily health. Unless it can be rendered *attractive* by connecting social advantages, honours, emulation, ambition, preferments, and other incentives with it, the condition of the great majority, whose lives are spent in it, can never be effectually ameliorated.

The first part of the work contains an examination of the great economy which would result from association; the middle part is devoted to a study and analysis of the passions; and the last part to the practical organization of association. A variety of subjects are incidentally treated. In chapters sixteenth and twenty-fourth the author endeavours to explain the cause of evil. In chapter seventeenth the destiny of man and his function on the planet. The question of the immortality of the soul, of the elevation of women, &c., is also touched upon.—*New World*, N. Y.

*Social Destiny of Man.*—Such is the title of a new work which has just appeared—the practical object of which is to prove that by a better organization of industry, and with the great economies which association would produce the product of agriculture and manufactures, that is, the real wealth of a country, could be immensely increased; that poverty could be remedied, and that while a good interest and a safe investment could be guaranteed to capital, the condition of the working classes might be greatly ameliorated.

The author apprehends, and very truly, that the proposal of any reform or change in the social system, as it at present exists, will be denounced as impracticable and visionary, and it is probable, for that reason, that he has devoted the first half of the volume to the examination of preliminary questions—whether the passions are good—whether human nature is capable of harmony and justice, &c.—in order to counteract any unfavorable impressions, which may arise in the mind of the reader. We will say for the work, that its tendency is highly moral, and that it is characterized by true philanthropy; it condemns entirely all community of property, and characterizes such a system as the grave of individual liberty. It has not the most distant affinity with “Owenism,” and other doctrines of the same nature, which have cast an odium upon the question of association. We are glad to see a work appear which takes the stand it does, as it may counteract the false views which have been promulgated on the subject. We therefore recommend the work to the *scientific* curious, and to those who take an interest in social questions.

We find in this work some novel chapters; for example, in chapters sixteenth and twenty-fourth, the author undertakes to explain the cause of evil, and why misery has so long existed on the earth; in chapter seventeenth, he examines the destiny of man upon the planet. Other chapters are of a more practical nature; in the nineteenth, twentieth and twenty-first, the question is discussed where society is now tending, and what is to be the result of the present political and financial movement, which is agitating the world.



The most singular part of the work, we think, is that which relates to the education of children. An entire new system of education, both industrial and scientific, is proposed, which is explained with sufficient detail to give an insight into it. This part of the work will richly repay a perusal.—*Morning Courier and New York Enquirer, New York.*

To all those who are combating in good faith for the great cause of human liberty and social equality, we say: "Persevere." It is a noble cause—a cause worthy of the noblest ambition—of the warmest philanthropy. Never was there a time when it was more important to stand up for the eternal principles of right and justice than at present. The grasping, the all absorbing money-making spirit of the age, is ready to barter with, and sacrifice every sentiment of social equality and democracy to its idol. Human degradation, servitude and pecuniary dependency are weighed in the same scales with gold, measured by its measure, and compelled to subserve its interests. If some strong voices be not raised for principles of social justice, for the rights of the mass, everything will be sacrificed to the selfish passion of the day,—the thirst for gain.

The work before us is a strong appeal in favour of the suffering portion of the human race, and for the realization of a better state of things among men. It has been dictated, it is evident, by a strong desire to see some effectual measures taken to ameliorate the condition of the labouring mass, who compose the majority of mankind, and who suffer so much and complain so little. To effect this object, the author asserts that a social reform is necessary. To eradicate those long standing evils, which have, since the beginning of historical records, accompanied man in his social career, and which are now believed permanent and irremediable, a fundamental change in the organization of society must take place. The principles upon which our societies are founded, are false, says the author, and cause to a greater or less degree the suffering of all classes, both rich and poor. A system of society remains to be discovered, which will elevate man socially far above his present condition,—the rich an hundred fold, and the poor a thousand fold.

As the fear of being considered the advocate of an utopian theory does not stop the author, he has an unbounded field of innovation open before him. He asserts that human nature and the passions are good, and capable of harmony, order, and justice, and that no true system of society can be organized until their laws of action are studied and comprehended, as a true social system should be founded upon and adapted to them. If the passions appear bad at present, if they tend to discord, often to vice and crime, it is because they are misdirected, perverted, harrassed and are falsely developed in our societies. "The great error which has been committed," says the author, "has been to confound the false developments, which the passions receive from our defective societies, with their real essence—their true nature. The effect has been mistaken for the cause." We would not condemn music because an unskilful hand produced discord; the case is a parallel one; we should not blame the passions, because a false social system deranges and perverts their action. The whole system here maintained is founded upon the goodness of the passions; for if they be naturally and inherently depraved, then social discord, crime and degradation will externally exist—human reason cannot harmonize what is inherently discordant.

To lay a surer foundation still, the author deems it necessary to ascertain what the destiny of man is upon the planet—his function here, and the end and aim of his creation. Man, says the author, is the overseer of the globe which he inhabits; it is a vast domain confided to his care; he was placed upon it to cultivate and embellish it, to regulate its streams, fertilize its deserts, drain its swamps, perfect the animal and vegetable kingdoms over which he presides—in short, to stamp upon the material world the perfection of the intellectual world. This is a part of his function; but he has neglected it; “he has ravaged and devastated the earth, he has rendered it a scene of desolation and misery, and degraded his own nature and the creations around him.” From this height the author descends to explain the practical organization of a system, adapted to the nature of man, and capable of enabling him to perform his trust of overseer.

The practical part of this work is clear enough; it proposes an association of about two thousand persons upon a tract of land of six thousand acres, or three miles square. No community of property exists for the personal and real estate of the association; that is, its lands, edifices, flocks, &c., is represented by stock, divided into shares, which are owned by the inhabitants according to their fortune. Each individual is paid according to his *labour, capital, and skill*, and defrays the expense of his own support. In the large edifice of the association there are rooms and suites of rooms at different prices, suited to all fortunes; there are tables, also, at different prices, to which each person subscribes as his means or inclination dictates; he can vary his company and tables daily if he wish; there must be in all relations, says the author, the most perfect liberty and independence. The fields and gardens should be elegantly laid out, the workshops handsomely fitted up, and every convenience and facility lent to the exercise of industry. Occupations should be varied five or six times a day to prevent monotony and uniformity, and industry should be considered, with the arts and sciences, as the most noble branch of human activity. In such a system, says the author, industry can be elevated, ennobled, and rendered *attractive*. Connect with it the same incentives that have been connected with war, the magistracy and other functions—make it an avenue to fortune, rank and distinction, and it can be rendered attractive. To elevate the condition of the labouring mass, we must first elevate that industry to which they are destined.

A practical trial of association could be made with four hundred children, or four hundred grown persons. In the first case a capital of one hundred thousand dollars would be sufficient. An investment made by a stock company in an agricultural association, would, the author thinks, pay a large interest, and lead to a general imitation.

The principles of this new social science were, as we see by the preface, discovered by Charles Fourier, born in Besancon, in France, 1772, and died at Paris in 1837. Fourier published his first work as early as 1808, but his subject was far in advance of the times, and it is only within three or four years that the principles discovered by him are gaining in all the countries of Europe, and in this country, warm and ardent advocates. Fourier's works being in French, and of that profound character which requires a serious study, a work in English was necessary to render his views popular. Those who take an interest in social matters can now investigate this new system. —*Evening Post, N. Y.*

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